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CONTENTS

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Discrediting Investigations 839
Safety on Inter-State Railways 839
A Question about Rebates 840
The Inter-State Commerce Commission Restricted 840
Higher Fares but No Grumbling 841
Our Navy-Yards 841
Street Reform in New York City 842
A New Kind of Missionary Meeting 843
A Great Irish Play and Some Irishmen 843
Great Britain, Germany, and the Moroccan Crisis 844
China in Revolution 845
The Death of Count Komura 846
The End of the McNamara Case 847
Business and the Sherman Law 847
The New Heaven and Earth 848
Letters to Unknown Friends 849
By Lyman Abbott
Travel in the Good Old Times 850
The Spirit of the Master 852
By Lyman Abbott
The American Hunter-Naturalist 854
Editorial by Theodore Roosevelt
What's the Matter with Business? First Article 857
By Frank A. Vanderlip: An Interview by Francis E. Leupp
Dreams and the Supernatural 862
By H. Addington Bruce
The Art of Preaching 871
By George Hodges
The Spectator 875
The New Books 877
By the Way 884

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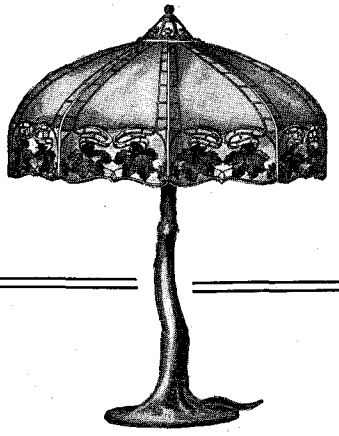

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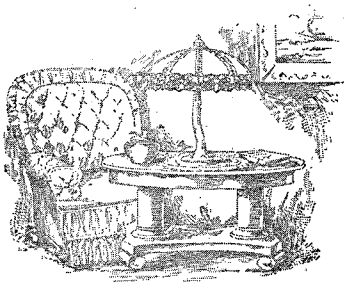

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The Outlook

DECEMBER 9, 1911

LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief. HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

THEODORE ROOSEVELT
Contributing Editor

DISCREDITING INVESTIGATIONS

Investigations are often of very great service, but they are sometimes very seriously abused; and there is a grave danger that the investigations now being conducted at Washington under the direction of both houses of Congress may throw suspicion on investigations which are essential parts of the reform movement. The Outlook holds no brief for Mr. Rockefeller, but Mr. Rockefeller is as much entitled to justice as the most obscure laborer; and if, as The Outlook is told upon excellent authority, the committee of which Representative Stanley is chairman has allowed itself to publish an attack on Mr. Rockefeller, and at the same time suppress a defense which was in its possession, it is time to protest against a rank abuse of committee functions. A story was recently told before that committee implicating John D. Rockefeller in a very tyrannical use of certain advantages of position which he had in dealings with two of the witnesses. The story was told at great length, with great fervor, and was published, it is unnecessary to say, in the fullest detail in all parts of the United States. The New York "Times" categorically asserts—and the assertion has been confirmed by another authority which we also regard as reliable—that the chairman had in his possession at that time, and withheld from publication, a statement signed by the chief witnesses and their associates, retracting in set terms the charges against Mr. Rockefeller and exonerating him from those charges. If this is true, the Stanley Committee has seriously discredited its own work, and will defeat the ends which it is seeking; for, while the temptation to collect political capital for temporary use on the verge of an election is quite comprehensible, no committee, however eager to discredit any person in its own political interest, can afford to do a dishonorable and unjust thing. Commenting on the testimony of another witness before the committee of which Senator Cummins is chairman, the New York "Times" characterizes an "Arabian Night's" tale regarding Mr. Roosevelt as "preposterous." It was so ridiculous that it discredits the common sense of a committee which will waste its time and sacrifice its dignity by listening to the details of a story which Mr. Roosevelt good-naturedly described as being a "pipe dream."

SAFETY ON INTER-STATE RAILWAYS

Three important decisions affecting the control of railways by the National Government have recently been rendered by the courts. One of these is by the United States Commerce Court, the other two are by the Supreme Court of the United States. One of the decisions by the Supreme Court strengthens Federal control of railways; the other two decisions weaken it, to the extent of denying to the Inter-State Commerce Commission the right to issue certain orders. The decision that strengthens Federal control concerns safety appliances. The question arose over the defective couplers on three cars used in traffic within a State, but attached to two cars carrying goods between States. The railway objected to the penalty imposed under the Federal law, on the ground that the law does not, and under the Constitution cannot, affect appliances on cars used for *intra*-State commerce. The Supreme Court holds otherwise. In the first place, the Court says that the Safety Appliance Act is intended to apply, not only to every train in which some cars are used for traffic within a State and some used for traffic between States, but also to "every train on a railroad which is a highway of inter-State commerce, without regard to the class of traffic which the cars are moving." In the second place, the Court holds that the Act, as thus interpreted, is Constitutional, because the safety of inter-State traffic is promoted by applying the

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requirements of the Safety Appliance Act to vehicles moving *intra*-State traffic on an *inter*-State road. Cars, trainmen, switchmen, and like employees usually "have to do with both classes of traffic," says the Court, and, moreover, trains on a railway are interdependent, so that what brings delay or disaster to one "is calculated to impede the progress and imperil the safety of other trains." Since this is so, the application of the Act to all cars and all trains on an inter-State road is Constitutional, for, declares the Court, the power of Congress "to regulate inter-State commerce is plenary." This decision is of great importance to all who work or travel on inter-State railways, for it provides for them added security.

A QUESTION ABOUT REBATES

The other two decisions put a check upon the power of the Inter-State Commerce Commission. The one by the Supreme Court is rendered in three cases involving grain elevator companies. The question at issue in these cases is somewhat complicated, and the answer by the Supreme Court is not unanimous. A certain concern built a grain elevator, and contracted with a railway to transfer grain for it. This concern also dealt in grain. The railway paid this concern for transferring the concern's own grain, as well as the grain of others. This, it was objected, amounted to a rebate to a shipper, because, in transferring the grain, the shipper (which is identical with the elevator concern) cleaned, clipped, and mixed its own grain to improve its quality. At first the Commission upheld the payment; later the Commission held that it was lawful for the railway to pay the cost of transfer, but nothing more—for a profit to the elevator company would amount to a rebate. Finally the Commission ordered the railway to desist from all payment on grain that had been treated or that had been held more than ten days. The Supreme Court has declined to sustain the Commission's last order, and has said that the second position of the Commission is sound—namely, that the shipper shall be reimbursed for the cost, without profit, of transferring his own grain, even if it is improved in the transfer. It is on this point that Justices McKenna and Hughes dissent, on the ground that improving the quality of the grain is the business of the grain dealer and not of a transportation company. This, like the decision in the safety appliance case mentioned above, is one of those decisions in which a court finds it necessary to express a judgment upon practical affairs of modern industrial life, and emphasizes the importance of having judges who know, not only the law, but also the character of complicated modern social conditions.

THE INTER-STATE COMMERCE COMMISSION RESTRICTED

The third decision in its scope is most important of all; but its importance is lessened by the fact that it is not rendered by a court of last resort. The Inter-State Commerce Law, as amended last year, provides that railways shall not charge more for a shorter than for a longer haul, except when in special cases they are authorized to do so by the Inter-State Commerce Commission. After this law was passed certain railways applied to the Commission for permission to be allowed to continue to charge lower rates from the East to the Pacific Coast (where railway transportation was in competition with transportation by water routes, the rates on which were naturally lower) than to intermediate points. In answer the Commission issued an order dividing the United States into zones, denied all the applications for lower rates from the most westerly of the zones to the coast, and allowed them from the other zones within certain definite limits. It is this order that the Commerce Court has declared unauthorized by law and has therefore prevented from being put into execution. The Court says that the Commission must grant the request of a railway for permission to charge lower rates for a long haul than for a short haul unless the Commission shall find that this would result either in an unreasonable rate for the short haul or rates unduly discriminatory, conditions which are prohibited by other sections of the Act. The Commission must therefore take up each rate on its merits, and cannot use the zone system. Of course that means that the Commission must struggle as best it can with a host of applications individually, and cannot deal with them in groups. It can easily be imagined how this decision will hamper the administrative work of the Commission, and prevent it from dealing promptly with existing discriminatory rates. The case has still to go to the Supreme Court; but in the meantime the injunction granted by the Commerce Court holds good.

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Of course it is plain that rate regulation cannot be satisfactorily managed until some way is found by which both the Government and the railways can act with regard to rates by wholesale. This country is so big that dealing with rates each by each is out of the question. Moreover, in reaching this decision the Commerce Court has entered into a discussion of the expediency of certain rates from an economic point of view. By this discussion the Commerce Court comes dangerously near an attempt to perform an administrative, not a judicial, function; and tends thus to justify the fears of those who opposed its creation.

HIGHER FARES BUT NO GRUMBLING

The Outlook has had occasion more than once to point out the wisdom of the policy of courtesy and frankness adopted by the Hudson and Manhattan Railway Company, which operates the tubes between New York, Hoboken, and Jersey City. Mr. McAdoo has succeeded in instilling into the employees of the company the maxim "The public be pleased;" and the convenience, comfort, and safety of the passengers have been studied and provided for at every point, with the result that the public has been pleased, and has shown a cordial interest in the welfare of the company. The first tunnel was opened early in 1908, and the initial operation was between Hoboken and Sixth Avenue, at Nineteenth Street, New York. At that time a passenger coming from New Jersey paid three cents ferriage and five cents car-fare to reach that destination. When the tunnels were opened, a uniform rate of five cents was fixed, although it was understood at that time that it was experimental. The tunnels have now been extended to the Erie and Pennsylvania stations, and to Grove Street in Jersey City, and will shortly be carried to Summit Avenue, in the same city; while in New York the tunnel has been extended to Thirty-third Street, and will presently be completed to the Grand Central Station in Forty-second Street. Notice has been given that on and after a certain date the rate between Jersey City and Hoboken and Sixth Avenue, or uptown New York, will be raised to seven cents. Not only has the announcement been made well in advance, but a circular has been put in the hands of patrons setting forth the financial condition of the company, and its reasons for adding two cents to its passenger charge. This is part of the policy of taking the public into the confidence of the company. From the beginning many patrons of the tunnels have been doubtful of the possibility of covering the enormous running expenses, the interest on bonds, the taxes and fixed charges at the five-cent rate; and they will accept the statement of the company that on the basis of a five-cent fare it cannot earn its interest on these sums, and will cheerfully pay the additional two cents. The railways have been slow to learn that the American public does not object to rates, even when they are large, if they fairly represent the service rendered. It does not object to rates simply because they are high, but because they are unfair, or because they discriminate between patrons.

OUR NAVY-YARDS

Mr. Meyer, Secretary of the Navy, always writes an interesting annual report, and this year's is no exception to that rule. We would call attention to a particular feature of it, namely, a further emphasis of the reform already suggested concerning our navy-yards. Certainly, if economy in naval expenditures is to be attained, our smaller and less necessary yards on the Atlantic should be abolished. Nevertheless, the Panama Canal—which will practically become a part of our Atlantic coast line—necessitates a new naval base on the Caribbean Sea with adequate docking and repair facilities. The best location for this station, asserts the Secretary, is Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, a harbor which we now hold; for, assuming that we continue to maintain an efficient fleet, this base would not only enable us to control the Caribbean Sea with all its lines of approach to the Panama Canal, but, in conjunction with a torpedo base at Key West, would render the Gulf of Mexico immune from attack. Indeed, we do not realize that the Panama Canal will itself doubtless be in effect a naval base, since the docking and repair facilities to be provided there for commercial vessels would meet our naval requirements in time of war. As a conclusion, then, if we were freshly confronted with the duty of locating and building stations on the Atlantic without regard to existing stations, our interests, in Mr. Meyer's opinion, would be best served by establishing one first-class naval station on the Atlantic coast north of the Delaware River, and one station at Norfolk on Chesapeake Bay, supplementing

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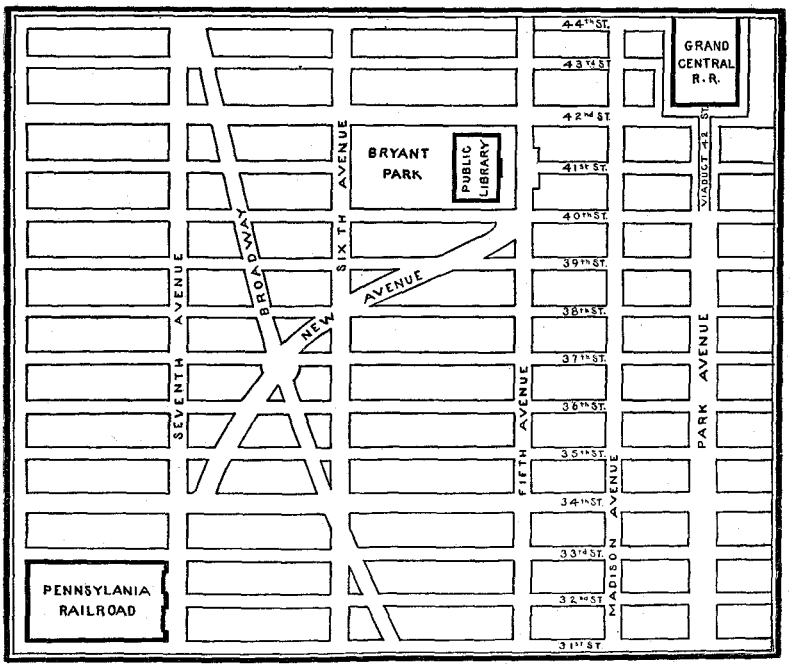
these by a fleet rendezvous at Guantanamo Bay, torpedo bases at Charleston and Key West, and a station for the reserve fleet at Philadelphia.

STREET REFORM IN NEW YORK CITY

Any improvement in the convenience or beauty of New York City is of interest to the citizens of the whole country. This is because, if it is not so already, the metropolis will be, sooner or later, a kind of commercial and social Mecca. For this reason the plan which we print above will, we are sure, be of general interest. The plan indicates the course of an important new avenue to connect the Pennsylvania Station with the New York Central Station in the metropolis. This avenue has been approved by Mr. McAneny, President of the Borough of Manhattan, and will doubtless commend itself to the good opinion of many citizens. The idea originated with Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, a well-known architect, and formerly a member of the Municipal Art Commission of New York City. He would run a street diagonally through the blocks from the Pennsylvania Station to the Grand Central Station, intersecting both Broadway and Sixth Avenue at an angle. Besides furnishing a fairly direct thoroughfare between the two stations, the avenue would provide a needed crossing from the West Side at Seventh Avenue below Thirty-fourth Street to the East Side at Park Avenue above Fortieth Street. A direct line between the two stations would encounter some valuable buildings; to avoid this Mr. Marshall has had to put the northern end at Fifth Avenue and Fortieth Street and has had to design his new street with curves at either end. These graceful curves, however, would serve not only a practical but also an æsthetic purpose in giving greater opportunity for the display of noble architecture. Thus, if Mr. Marshall's idea prevails, New York City's street plan would be modified in a welcome way. As he says: "From the artistic point of view the gain would be enormous. From Fifth Avenue the vista down the new curved avenue would not be unlike that of Piccadilly in London, and sites upon it would certainly be sought by wealthy merchants who could afford to house themselves amid fine architectural surroundings. The juncture of the new avenue and Broadway might be made a center of interest, and on the whole of the street southwest of that point a splendid view of the new Pennsylvania railway station would be gained." Mr. Marshall also suggests that a sub-surface traffic road for heavy cartage be built under the new avenue and under



A NEW AVENUE FOR NEW YORK CITY

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Fortieth Street to Lexington Avenue; it may be remembered that Lexington Avenue at Fortieth Street is on such a grade as compared with Park Avenue that a sub-surface roadway could be easily constructed; it might also be used with great convenience to the public by an electric passenger line. As to the financial side, while the cost of the new avenue would be very great, that cost would be met by the development of a large amount of property which now yields comparatively little in taxes to the city, and would practically give the city the same property at an immensely increased valuation. Thus, as President McAneny says, Mr. Marshall's plan offers a solution for a problem that is giving more and more concern to the citizens of New York City, and does so, apparently, with a promise of a minimum of incidental expense.

A NEW KIND OF MISSIONARY MEETING

The women of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn have set an example in their dealing with missionary meetings which is worthy the consideration of the women of other churches. Usually, it must be confessed, missionary meetings in a church are attended only by those who are especially interested in the subject, and a notice that a missionary meeting will be held is usually a notice to those not especially interested to stay away. To meet this condition the ladies of the Central Congregational Church of Brooklyn have organized and prepared for a series of meetings which, if the plan is efficiently carried out, will give to those who attend them a course of some value in comparative religion. The course is as follows:

China under its Two Great Religions—Agnosticism.

Turkey under Mohammedanism—Fatalism.

India under Brahmanism and Buddhism—Pantheism, Pessimism.

France under Roman Catholic Christianity—Authority.

America under Protestant Christianity—Liberty.

They have, at the same time with this programme, sent out a little leaflet which gives a very brief interpretation of the topics; so brief that we venture to reproduce it for the benefit of our readers:

Says Sabatier: "Man is incurably religious." This is true. Religion is universal. Reverence for the Higher Powers exists wherever affection of men for wife, children, and friends exists. Wherever men form families and build homes, they worship and build temples.

To the question, What are the Higher Powers? different religions give different answers.

Confucianism replies: We cannot know the Higher Powers; we can only know our duties to each other. This is Agnosticism; it has produced China.

Mohammedanism replies: Law, inevitable, irresistible, personated in Allah, is the Higher Power. This is Fatalism; it has produced Turkey.

Brahmanism and Buddhism reply: The Universe is the Higher Power; it has produced India.

Christianity replies: The Higher Powers are revealed to man in man, for God has made man in his own image. This has produced Europe and America.

But Christianity appears in two forms—autocratic and democratic; that is, Roman Catholic and Protestant. Roman Catholic Christianity has produced the Latin countries, Italy, Spain, France, South America; Protestant Christianity has produced Germany, Great Britain, and North America.

They have also prepared, printed, and distributed through the congregation a list of books bearing on each one of these subjects, for the preparation of which they are largely indebted to Dr. James L. Barton, of the American Board.

A GREAT IRISH PLAY AND SOME IRISHMEN

The little crowd of denaturalized Irishmen who tried to prevent the performance of "The Playboy of the Western World" by the Irish Players in New York City have succeeded in doing precisely what was needed to bring the play into public attention; they perpetrated an Irish bull by giving a very effective advertisement to something they wanted to drive from public attention. Americans are so in the habit of associating humor with the Irish that it is hard for them to believe that there are some Irishmen who entirely lack it! The men and women who introduced Donnybrook Fair methods in the Maxine Elliott Theater last week recall the merry days of Cuchulain and the fighting men who stormed through early Irish story, but lacked the rollicking fun and generous humor which have always made Ireland the happy hunting-ground of entertaining disorder. They have none of the sense of fun of the Irishman who in a fight at a fair struck and killed a stranger who happened to be present. He was tried and

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convicted, the only mitigating circumstance brought out at the trial being the fact that the victim had an unusually thin skull. When asked by the court if he had anything to say before judgment was pronounced, the convicted put the case into the question: "I ask your Lordship, now, was it right for a man with such a thin skull to go to a fair?" "The Playboy of the Western World" is the first work of Celtic genius that has been seen in this city for many decades; the first work that interprets that genius in an impressive and striking way; and accordingly this little group of literal-minded Irishmen, instead of crowning it with their approval, tried to prejudice Americans against it. "The Playboy" is a brilliant fantasy, full of humor, wit, and poetry. To take it seriously as a photographic portrait of certain Irish traits is a piece of Bœotian stupidity. Hereafter Norwegians must object to "Peer Gynt" and storm the stage when it is presented; the English must leave the theater when "Vanity Fair" is staged and the wicked Becky Sharp is introduced as an Englishwoman; the Germans must rise in arms when "Faust" is sung or acted—the wicked Faust, who associated intimately with the devil, thereby suggesting the possible presence of the devil in Germany, which sensitive Germans ought to count an outrageous insult. As for Americans, nearly every serious play of the last ten years has presented some American man or woman doing something wrong; and, as wrong things are never done in the United States, the failure to storm the theaters and bury the actors under eggs, cabbages, and rotten apples is a painful evidence of the loss of American pride. Henceforth nothing should be presented on the stage which does not glorify race life. Away with Don Quixote, with Falstaff, with Cyrano and his libelous nose; and as for Bernard Shaw, that wicked Irishman who spends his time slandering everybody, himself included, should he not be driven into the interior of Africa? Or, what would be more dreadful, should he not be brought to this country and compelled to associate with the Irishmen who tried to suppress "The Playboy"? It has been the tragic fate of Ireland, whenever her cup began to run over, to have it set bottom side upward by one of her own children; but it is the very irony of good fortune that, when a work of genius from an Irishman at last makes its appearance, men of his own race should fail to understand it.

GREAT BRITAIN, GERMANY, AND THE MOROCCAN CRISIS

In the House of Commons last week Sir Edward Grey, the British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, made an elaborate explanation of the diplomatic relations between Great Britain and Germany during the past four months. The critical situation in international affairs, created by the action of Germany last July in sending a war-ship to the port of Agadir on the Atlantic coast of Morocco, involved primarily Germany and France. But the British Government took great interest in the progress of the subsequent negotiations both as the friend and ally of France and as a world power. There is good reason to believe that the final solution of the Moroccan problem, by which France gave to Germany certain territorial concessions in equatorial Africa in exchange for the assurance of a free hand in Morocco, was largely influenced by the firm stand taken by Great Britain. Shortly after the conclusion of the Franco-German agreement a few weeks ago, Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a speech to the Budget Committee of the Reichstag, gave an outline from the German standpoint of the diplomatic exchanges between Germany and Great Britain last July. The tone of his speech was critical of Great Britain, and in not uncertain terms he intimated that the British Government had gone beyond its proper sphere in the matter. Herr von Kiderlen-Wächter's speech, taken in connection with the considerable dissatisfaction in Germany with the terms of the final agreement with France, undoubtedly aroused anew antagonism to England. Sir Edward Grey's speech last week, made in reply to the disclosures of the German Foreign Minister, was thoroughly conciliatory in tone but as thoroughly firm in statement. Sir Edward showed that the anxiety of the British Government was aroused by the fact that in the earlier stages of the negotiations Germany's purpose in sending the war-ship to Agadir had not been made clear. There was no assurance that her purpose was not to secure monopolistic concessions in Morocco, or to acquire territory there, or to bring about a partition of Morocco without the participation of Great Britain in the negotiations. He stated explicitly that the action of Great Britain had not been aggressive or antagonistic to Germany, but that Great Britain had been consistently firm in upholding the right of Great Britain

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to be consulted in case Germany and France could not come to a conclusion satisfactory to both, and in letting it be understood that she would not be willing to see her ally France compelled to make unwarrantable concessions. Perhaps the most dramatic incident of the imbroglio, it will be remembered, was the speech on July 21 of Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, in which he declared that where British interests are affected Great Britain must not be treated as if she were of no account, and said that, if the time ever came when this could not be said, Great Britain would have ceased to exist, at any rate as a great Power. This speech Sir Edward Grey declared was made as the result of a Cabinet consultation, and when Germany protested against the tone of the speech he felt that the tone of the protest was such as to make it inconsistent with the dignity of Great Britain to make any explanation.

GREAT BRITAIN'S FOREIGN POLICY

In commenting upon the advocacy by certain classes in England of the policy of isolation in international affairs, Sir Edward declared that it would be a disastrous policy for Great Britain to allow it to be understood that she would under no circumstances give her friends assistance if they were attacked. That would deprive her of all friends in Europe, and she would soon be building warships against all the other navies of the Continent. If, on the other hand, England should continually interfere in the internal affairs of other nations, as had been proposed by some members of the House of Commons, an expenditure for armaments even greater than at present would result, and the peace which those people desired to preserve would soon topple over. "Let us make new friendships by all means," said Sir Edward, "but not at the expense of those we have. I desire to improve our relations with Germany, and intend to maintain our friendships unimpaired. The German Imperial Chancellor recently made two speeches which were inspired by the hope of seeing his country strong, but not aggressive. If that is the spirit of German policy, then within two or three years the talk of a great European war will have gone." Sir Edward Grey's speech was received with approval and sympathy by all parties in the House of Commons, with only the fewest exceptions. Mr. A. Bonar Law, the new leader of the Opposition in the House, strongly supported the Foreign Secretary, and declared that his statement had convinced him that every step taken was with sole regard for British interests. There is evidence that Sir Edward Grey's statement has been favorably received in Germany, and it is to be hoped that the satisfactory conclusion of the Moroccan agreement, and the friendly and conciliatory attitude toward Germany shown by Sir Edward Grey, will do much to dissipate Anglo-German bitterness. It is natural and legitimate that Germany should have ideals of Imperial and Colonial expansion; and it is probably inevitable that the German people, realizing their imperative need of colonial outlets for their excess population, should be irritated by the sight of other nations, like Great Britain and France, enjoying colonial opportunities obtained while Germany was still engaged in nation-building. But Germany has to learn that she must not pursue her legitimate ideals of expansion at the expense of other nations or in directions or by methods which threaten the position of other Powers. If she has learned a part of this lesson at the hands of France and Great Britain in this Moroccan controversy, it will not be a bad thing for the peace and international good will of Europe.

CHINA IN REVOLUTION

Last week was eventful for the Chinese revolutionists in marking their first notable check. After a three days' conflict the Government forces retook Hanyang, one of the cities called, collectively, Wuhan, grouped at the junction of the river Han with the Yangtze. The revolutionists will doubtless feel severely the loss of Hanyang, since the Government arsenal is situated there. During the period since its capture it has been a precious source of supply of munitions of war to the revolutionary forces. Coincidently with the Government attack on Hanyang there was a determined revolutionary attack on Nanking, the great city of the lower Yangtze. But Nanking has not yet fallen. Even if it does fall, its position as a strategic point will hardly compensate the revolutionists for their loss at Hanyang. Following that event General Li Huan-hung, commander of the revolutionary forces, asked an armistice so that he might confer with the leaders of his party. Such an armistice would seem to be more than ever necessary, as the revolutionists are not all agreed as to the future form of gov-

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ernment, whether it is to be a constitutional monarchy or a republic, and, if the latter, as to who shall be president. In the north the revolutionists have declared for Yuan Shi-kai; in the south, for Sun Yat-sen; in the west Li Huan-hung has proclaimed himself president; in the east Chang Shao-tsen seems in the ascendency. This breaking up of republican interests is ominous. It would not only dissolve China into chaos, but it would probably necessitate foreign intervention. Foreign intervention is only too apt to be followed by continued alien control; the breaking up of China into fragments would thus afford a coveted opportunity for those Powers which are eager to gain territorial possessions in China to begin the kind of work which they were doing when, in 1900, Secretary Hay brought them to a standstill. But the main desires of the revolutionists, we believe, are not so much to establish a republic as to get rid of an alien and a corrupt dynasty, the "purblind Manchus." The Chinese are entitled to rule themselves, and of late the Manchus have been clever enough to see this, and to give most of the offices to the Chinese. By the National Assembly's action, recently taken under the new Constitution, the most desirable remaining offices, those of the Cabinet, are now closed to the Manchu princes and nobles. The Manchu princes in the old Cabinet, which has resigned, have been promptly replaced by commoners, and the new Constitution has thus made itself doubly felt. For under its provisions Parliament elects the Prime Minister, and it has elected Yuan, while now the old Cabinet is succeeded by one in accordance with the new constitutional provision. Though Yuan did include a very few Manchu commoners in his Cabinet, the only notable sign of the old Manchu control is in the pitiful figure of the little Emperor. This little boy, symbolizing the Manchu monarchy, is an increasingly pathetic figure, for, as Bishop Bashford, who has had long experience in China, says, Manchu rule is doomed, not because it is bad, but because at last its badness has been confessed by the Manchus themselves. "Experience shows," said the Bishop, "that the most dangerous moment for bad rule is when it begins to introduce reform. Ills borne patiently when they are thought to be inevitable become intolerable when the necessity for reform is admitted." This epigrammatic statement gives a true and just view of the fatal weakness of the present nominal rulers of the Chinese Empire.

THE DEATH OF COUNT KOMURA

Marquis Jutaro Komura, Minister of Foreign Affairs in the first and second Katsura Cabinets, has passed away, at the comparatively early age of fifty-six years. He was one of the best-known statesmen of Japan, and had served his country with distinction in many capacities. He was one of the first students sent by the Japanese Government to the United States for education, and was graduated at Harvard in the class of 1877. Upon his return to Japan he was appointed to a subordinate position in the Department of Justice, where he displayed so much ability that in 1884, at the age of twenty-nine, he was made Secretary of the Foreign Office. A few years later he was appointed Assistant Director of the Translation Bureau; was then sent to China as Secretary of Legation; and served his country as Chargé d'Affaires in Peking until the outbreak of the Chinese-Japanese War of 1894–95. At the end of the war he became Civil Administrator of Antung, and after the assassination of the Queen of Korea he was appointed Japanese Minister in Seoul. Between 1898 and 1900 he represented Japan as Minister in Washington, and was then transferred, first to St. Petersburg and then to Peking. As Minister to China he took part in the international conference that followed the Boxer outbreak, and in 1901 he became Minister of Foreign Affairs under Count, now Prince, Katsura. In this capacity Komura conducted the negotiations with Russia which finally ended in war, and he was thus largely responsible for the shaping of Japan's policy in the most important crisis of her history. In 1906 he came to the United States to open negotiations for peace, and, with his associate, Baron Takahira, met Count Witte in Portsmouth and concluded the treaty which put an end to hostilities and established Japan's position as one of the great Powers of the world. The terms of peace that he made in Portsmouth were severely criticised in Japan, and excited there great dissatisfaction; but, in the opinion of George Kennan, who was then the representative of The Outlook in the Far East, the Portsmouth Treaty was advantageous to Japan and highly creditable to the then Marquis Komura. From Portsmouth Komura went to Peking, where he negotiated a supplementary treaty with China to define and secure Japan's position and rights in Manchuria. With the conclusion of this treaty

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ended the most important part, perhaps, of Komura's public career; but he continued to serve his country ably and faithfully to the hour of his death. On account, largely, of the popular dissatisfaction caused by the Portsmouth Treaty, he resigned his position as Minister of Foreign Affairs, soon after his return from Peking, and retired to private life; but the Government showed its unshaken confidence in him by immediately appointing him Privy Councilor and sending him as Ambassador to Great Britain. When, upon the downfall of the Saionji Ministry in 1908, Katsura became Premier for the second time, he again offered his old associate the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, and it was accepted. Marquis Komura received many honors both at home and abroad. In his death Japan has lost one of her ablest statesmen, and the world one of its best men.

THE END OF THE McNAMARA CASE: A PLEA OF GUILTY

With dramatic and startling suddenness the trial of J. B. McNamara on the charge of murder came to an end on Friday morning of last week. Counsel for the prisoner announced that they would allow him to change his plea of "not guilty" to "guilty," and in solemn silence the prisoner, in response to the District Attorney's question, and in a low voice, uttered the one word "Guilty." The specific indictment upon which he was being tried was that of the murder of Charles Haggerty by the use of dynamite; but the crime in its entirety was the destruction of the building of the Los Angeles "Times" by dynamite and the murder, through that destruction, of twenty-one persons. Even this gives only a partial idea of the criminality of the man who has just pleaded guilty, of his brother, J. J. McNamara, of their accomplice Ortie McManigle, and of their other accomplices, some known, others only suspected. J. J. McNamara has been allowed to plead guilty to the crime of exploding dynamite at the Llewellyn Iron Works. Sentence will have been pronounced before these words are read. It is now generally believed that, in accordance with the general custom in our criminal courts, J. B. McNamara will be sentenced not to death but to imprisonment for life, and that J. J. McNamara will be sentenced to imprisonment perhaps for fourteen years. The Outlook hopes next week to publish a special article from its own correspondent, who has been following the trial, and at that time it will comment more fully on the importance of this case. Meanwhile, it may recall to its readers the fact that if the statement of Detective Burns is to be accepted, as appears entirely probable, these men were engaged in wholesale murder and destruction of property not because of any wrong done them personally, but because of the depraved theory that cold-blooded crime was legitimate in what they regarded as the ceaseless and desperate war between labor and capital. Happily for this country, this theory is not to any considerable extent shared by labor men or labor unions; and the people of the United States should not be led into thinking that it is so shared simply because certain labor leaders have been so incredibly unwise as to do their best to identify the fortunes of organized labor with the fortunes of these accused and—as now shown—guilty men.

BUSINESS AND THE SHERMAN LAW

In this issue appears the first of a series of articles which will set forth and interpret the views of many men with regard to the present conditions of business in this country. The author of these articles, Mr. Francis E. Leupp, needs no introduction to the readers of The Outlook, and should need no introduction to any American citizen who has followed the course of public affairs. As the head of the Bureau of Indian Affairs under both Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft, he proved himself a leader in the policy of fair and intelligent dealings between the United States and its Indian wards, and educated public opinion to support and establish permanently that policy. Those who have known his public career, however, may not know of his equal eminence in the newspaper profession. For years he was the Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," and in that capacity directed public opinion by his accurate statements of fact, his acuteness in discerning the significance of passing events, and his lucid interpretation of current affairs. His interview with President Taft, published last week in The Outlook, could have been written only by one who had the observer's point of view acquired by his experience as a correspondent, and the public servant's point of view acquired by his experience as an

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administrative official in Washington. These qualities Mr. Leupp brings to this series on business.

What the purpose of this series is Mr. Leupp himself explains in his introduction. We here call attention to the fact, which we believe is very significant, that at the outset there is expressed by Mr. Vanderlip, of the National City Bank, a view that is repeatedly expressed by men in many walks of life, namely, that there is a close connection between the operation of the Anti-Trust Law and the present uncertainty in business.

The wrongs in business which that law deals with are indubitable. Big business in its relations with little business has often acted as a bully. There have been unfairness, corruption, craft, and injustice. No journal has been more emphatic than The Outlook in pointing out the evils not merely of monopoly but of big business of all kinds when it is uncontrolled and unsubordinated to the public welfare. There has been need and there will undoubtedly be need for leaders of public opinion to speak strongly in condemnation of such wrongs; but public opinion is now no longer indifferent to those wrongs, and the question which is of utmost importance now is, How shall these wrongs be prevented?

We agree with Mr. Vanderlip that it is not only undesirable but impossible to turn the hands of the clock backward, to bring to a halt the tendency toward combination and co-operation, and to substitute the old-time competition. We agree that the laws of co-operation are as truly natural laws as the laws of competition, and that the same laws that have created the railway and the telegraph have now brought into existence great industrial combinations. We agree that this tendency toward combination has brought material benefit to the race, and especially to this country, and, although we see perhaps more danger involved in these combinations than Mr. Vanderlip sees, we agree with him that, whatever those dangers are, they should be guarded against by methods which will preserve to us the accompanying benefits. We agree with him also in believing that unrestrained competition, as it has appeared not only in the formation of such a great combination as the Standard Oil Company, but also in such minor and uncombined industries as garment-making, is as hurtful as unrestrained combination, and that what is needed is proper supervision and the restriction of both competition and combination. We agree with him that there is no need of repealing the Sherman Anti-Trust Law, but that there is equally no sense in relying upon this so-called Anti-Trust Law to prevent danger on either hand. We believe that the people should be sovereign over all of the people's activities; that the Nation as a Nation should be stronger than any possible industrial combination. We believe that sovereignty should be exercised, not by attempting to make the creature weaker than its creator, but by making the creator stronger than any of its creatures—not by breaking up combinations, but by giving new power to the Nation in controlling combinations. We believe that this power should be exercised in such a way that all men may know what the Nation will permit them to do in business, and what it will forbid them to do. We believe that this power can be exercised, not solely or chiefly through the punishment of past offenses, but also and more largely by positive regulations as to what is permissible. We believe such positive regulation cannot be secured through the courts, which are designed to pass upon particular cases after offenses are committed, nor by the legislature, which is not fitted to deal with details of business processes, but only by an administrative body constituted especially for the purpose.

This, in general, is our belief. What this belief involves we shall have further occasion to say.

THE NEW HEAVEN AND EARTH

A momentous change of view of the universe has been going on since Professor Tyndall made the phrase about the potentialities of matter, which was taken up into popular speech and became a kind of shibboleth among people of a skeptical turn of mind. The conception of matter, as a substance existing by itself and in opposition to spirit, no longer prevails. The dead world of insensate dirt has become a mighty stream of force. A generation ago the religious view of the world and of life was regarded by many as laying a heavy tax on credulity; to-day the materialistic view imposes much the heavier burden on faith. There is coming a revelation of the invisible and spiritual

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through the senses which gives a new reading of the words which came to St. Peter in Joppa:

> "Two worlds are ours: 'tis only [sense]
> Forbids us to descry
> The mystic heaven and earth within
> Plain as the sea and sky."

Since the time when Keble wrote these slightly altered lines Keble's sense itself has become transparent, and we look out through its many windows on a universe of such sublime energy and such streaming vitality that the old mechanical view of its substance and operation has become as antiquated and rudimentary as the view of the earth in Homer's time.

This drift from the materialistic interpretation of matter and life has carried even the most critical and skeptical a long distance from the dogmatism of a generation ago. Professor William James put the matter very strongly from the philosophic point of view.

"The world interpreted religiously," he says, "is not the materialistic world over again, with an altered expression; it must have over and above the altered expression a natural constitution different at some point from that which a materialistic world would have. It must be such that different events can be expected in it, different conduct must be required. . . . The whole drift of my education goes to persuade me that the world of our present consciousness is only one out of many worlds of consciousness that exist, and that those other worlds must contain experiences which have a meaning for our life also; and that, although in the main their experiences and those of this world keep discrete, yet the two become contiguous at certain points, and higher energies filter in. By being faithful in my poor measure to this one belief, I seem to myself to keep more sane and true. I *can*, of course, put myself into the sectarian scientist's attitude, and imagine vividly that the world of sensations and of scientific laws and objects may be all. But whenever I do this I hear that inward monitor, of which W. K. Clifford once wrote, whispering the word 'bosh!' Assuredly the real world is of a different temperament—more intricately built than physical science allows."

The heavens and earth are new, not by reason of any change of substance, but by reason of the clearer vision and larger knowledge of men; the new heaven and earth "wherein dwelleth righteousness" will come in the purer character and more spiritual nature of man.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

The difference between your view of life and mine I can best interpret by an illustration.

We are soldiers in the same camp. We have the same duties, and suffer the same inconveniences. The same drum-call summons us to get up in the morning; we sit down to the same camp fare for breakfast. We engage in the same battle; see the same tragedies of pain and passion; visit in the same hospital. But to you it is all a muddle. You do not know what it is all about. In the Civil War a Tennessee mountaineer, taken prisoner, asked his captor, "What are you-uns coming down here to fight we-uns for?" Your attitude of life seems to me somewhat like his. Life is chaos; its struggle, its problems, its pains, its sorrows and sins, all unnecessary. And who is our commander and what is to be the end of it all you have little idea. You are not even sure that there is to be any end; that there is any commander; that we are in camp for any purpose; that the enigma has any solution. Meantime, however, you are doing what you can to make life easier for others—and better, as well as easier; what you can to alleviate distress and inspire patience and courage in others. You are loyal to truth and duty, as you understand them; and you propose to yourself to be loyal, whatever is the issue, or whether or not there ever is an issue.

I am no better in these respects than you are. Perhaps I am not your equal; not so patient, so heroic, so faithful. But I believe that we are in camp for a purpose. I believe that we have a Commander-in-Chief who is really commanding in this campaign. I believe that he understands what it all means and has assigned me my place and task. I do not understand, I do not particularly care to understand, his great plans. I am quite sure that I could not understand them if I tried. All I want is to know enough to do well the duty he has assigned me. I believe that he not only understands but that he will succeed; that is, that *we* shall succeed; that the issue of the long campaign will be a kingdom of

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God which is the victory of righteousness, and its fruits peace and universal welfare.

I am saved by faith. By that I do not mean that I believe certain theological propositions, and therefore will go to heaven when I die; and that you do not believe these propositions, and therefore will not go to heaven when you die. I mean that the perplexities, the discouragements, the sense of the uselessness of it all, which oppresses you, I do not share. The awful sense, What is it all about? Is it all worth while? under the shadow of which so much of your life is spent, I know only by sympathetic imagination. I am fighting in a cause which I at least partly comprehend, for a result which I feel sure we shall achieve, and under a Commander whom I revere and love.

This is not all.

It is not only the world that is an enigma to me; I am an enigma to myself. The seventh chapter of Romans is real to me: "For what I do, I do without knowing what I am doing. What I desire to do is not what I do, but what I am averse to doing."[1] The General Confession appeals to me: "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done; and we have done those things which we ought not to have done; and there is no health in us." I ought not to have to say this every Sunday morning; but when Sunday morning comes and I look back, something of this I see in the week that is past. This is not all that I see; but I do see this. I need a Physician to heal me; a Commander to guide me; a Father to direct and discipline me. For I am but a child, in spite of my years.

I believe that I have found such a Friend; and I have put myself in his hands. I believe that he understands me a great deal better than I understand myself, and that he will be able to make something worth while out of me. I believe that he can bring good out of my evil, and prevent my self-destruction by his wisdom and his love. And by this faith I am saved from useless repinings over the past, hindering fears for the future, and tormenting self-examinations in the present.

This faith of mine you will perhaps call imagination. Very well. I am not sure that a good definition of faith would not be, Trust in one's spiritual imagination. This faith is not founded on reason. It is founded on experience. But I have tested it by my reason, and it appears to me to be a reasonable faith. And I trust in it, and live by it. And by it I am saved from problems too intricate for me to solve and burdens too heavy for me to carry.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

[1] Romans, vii 15; Weymouth's Translation.

TRAVEL IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES

The announcement that the White Star Line is about to build a steamship almost a fifth of a mile in length passes almost unnoticed in these days when the world has become a neighborhood and traveling is as normal as staying at home. Nothing separates us more radically from the isolation and loneliness of a host of people in the Middle Ages than the friendliness of the modern world and the ease and comfort with which one can go to the ends of the earth. Fifty years ago traveling involved serious discomfort; a century ago it involved hardship; three centuries ago it involved peril. The appearance of the traveler, followed in due time by the tourist, forms a fascinating chapter in the history of civilization, and the reader who loves that kind of gossip which is informal history will come upon very good reading in "Touring in 1600" (Houghton Mifflin Company); an entertaining record of people who were "running to and fro" on the earth three centuries ago, under circumstances that the reader of to-day, sitting at ease before his fire, will lightly call picturesque, but which no one to-day except an explorer or big-game hunter would endure without frantic appeals to the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

Mediæval travelers, the author tells us, may be divided into four classes: ambassadors and diplomatists, whose chief function was to spy out the land and guess at the intentions of its rulers; pilgrims, who went to sacred places in vast numbers, whole villages going off on short journeys of a few days and a stream of people pouring into Rome every year; vagabonds, who were as averse to labor as their modern successor, the tramp, and who were always shifting their lodgings in deference to local opinion; and knights errant, who sought adventure far and wide and were willing to pay for it. It may be noted in passing that, while there has been an enormous increase in the number of pilgrims, they no longer

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seek holy places; that the vagabonds often carry substantial letters of credit, and that knights errant are often gentlemen of whom the experienced traveler fights shy.

Montaigne lived a quiet life until he was ill and elderly; then he left his books, his tower, and his cat, and went on a pilgrimage to the baths of Germany and Italy, was absent nearly two years, and discovered that, while baths might be of indifferent helpfulness, traveling brought him serenity and good digestion. This, it must be remembered, was before there was a standardized dinner from Paris to Damascus, and *haricots verts* on the Continent and vegetable marrow in England had attained the disconcerting regularity of the solar system.

Fynes Moryson set out in 1591, passed through Germany, the Low Countries, Denmark, Poland, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy; was robbed on his way through France, and was in such a disreputable garb when he reached home that his servant took him for a burglar. Later he made the perilous journey to Jerusalem with his brother, who died at Aleppo; Moryson was a much better traveler than poet, as this epitaph proves:

> "To thee, deare Henry Morison,
> Thy brother Phines, here left alone,
> Hath left this fading memorie.
> For monuments and all must die."

The "unspeakable Turk" was then untouchable as well. There was in England in Queen Elizabeth's time an organ-builder named Dallam, who, on an embassy which the Queen wished to make impressive, was sent to the Grand Turk with the gift of an organ. The instrument was one of the marvels of the time; it rang chimes and played song-tunes, two diminutive men blew fanfares from it on silver trumpets, and above it was a hollybush in which birds sang and shook their wings. The Grand Turk ordered Dallam to play on it, the latter being warned at the same time that to touch the royal person was to suffer instant death. That person insisted on sitting so near the unhappy organist that "I touched his knee with my breeches. . . . He sat so right behind me that he could not see what I did, therefore he stood up, but in rising from his chair he gave me a thrust forward, which he could not otherwise do, he sat so near me; but I thought he had been drawing his sword to cut off my head." There is a modern instance of the inconvenience that "doth hedge about a king;" the Emperor of Japan is said to be the worst-dressed man in the Kingdom because no one can touch his person; the tailors have to guess at his dimensions.

Englishmen were early abroad, and young men of fashion and parts were at home in France and Italy in Shakespeare's time. Sidney wrote to his brother in 1572 that "a great number of us never thought in ourselves why we went, but a certain tickling humor to do as other men had done." Twenty years later the Pope thought there were too many English heretics allowed in Venice; in 1612 the English Ambassador reports that there were more than seventy Englishmen in Venice, whereas formerly there had been only three or four. This was long before a card appeared in the window of a shop on the Merceria with the words: "English spoken, American understood."

The miseries of travel by sea were such that a writer of the time finds but two facts that justify enduring them: that man is born to trouble, and that Abraham had direct orders from God to make a journey. Crossing the English Channel is not to be undertaken with a light heart to-day; in 1600 two Ambassadors waited in Calais fourteen days before making a start for Dover. A typical experience befell an Englishman who started from Rotterdam, and, twenty-four hours later, after sighting Ostend, found himself back at the point of departure. He spent two weeks at Rotterdam, setting sail from time to time and always getting back, as if some malign magic were on him. Then he started for Calais, and, after two days, found himself at Yarmouth. It was low tide, a heavy sea was running, the ship was hurled against the piles at the head of the breakwater, four men were killed; the rest finally landed and buried the dead; the traveler lost his way trying to get into town, spent the night wandering in the wind and rain, and finally arrived twenty days after first leaving Rotterdam. Nowadays restless American ladies begin at breakfast the first day out to ask what train they can take for Paris at Cherbourg!

Of long trips on the Mediterranean much may be said that would better be left unsaid; a few graphic words from a contemporary traveler will suffice:

> In the galley all sorts of discomfort are met with: to each of us was allotted a space three spans broad and so we lay one upon another, suffering greatly from the heat in summer and much troubled by vermin. Huge rats came

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running over our faces at nights and a sharp eye had to be kept on the torches, for some people go about carelessly and there's no putting them out in case of fire, being, as they are, all pitch. And when it is time to go to sleep and one has great desire thereto, others near him talk or sing or yell and generally please themselves, so that one's rest is broken. Those near us who fell ill mostly died; God have mercy on them! In daytime, too, when we were all in our places busy eating and the galley bore down on the side to which the sail shifted, all the sailors called out "pando," that is, "to the other side," and over we must go; and if the sea was rough and the galley lurched, our heads turned all giddy, and some toppled over and the rest on top of them, falling about like so many drunken yokels.

There were specifics for seasickness in those days as in these, and there was much sage and contradictory advice from the experienced. A Franciscan monk prescribed pomegranates and mint, which certainly has a pleasant sound. Profuse drinking of water with meat and other solid food some days in advance was a favorite remedy; fasting and covering the stomach with paper had warm adherents; the pulp of the quince and lemon peel were recommended; and starting with a full stomach was practiced by many. There are more eloquent descriptions of *mal de mer* than Rabelais's account of what happened to Pantagruel, but none more graphic and moving: "He remained all of a heap on Deck, utterly cast down and metagrobolised. 'What ho, Steward, my Friend, my Father, my Uncle; . . . Oh, three and four times happy are those who plant Cabbages; . . . they have always one foot on land and the other is not far from it. . . . Holos, good people, I drown, I die, Consummatum est; it is all over with me. . . . My good man, couldn't you throw me ashore?'" The word "metagrobolised" is a stroke of genius; it tells the whole tragic story. When one takes into account the perils of the sea, the chances of disease and the dangers of the medicine of the day, the attacks of pirates, the possibility of falling into the hands of the Turks and being sold into slavery, it is not surprising to learn that before starting on long voyages travelers settled their estates, made their wills, and prepared for death.

The experiences that befell the adventurous in inns and taverns fill another long chapter. Graphic pictures of these forerunners of the Waldorf-Astoria await the reader of that much-neglected classic Charles Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth." Those who mourn for the good old times will find their grief assuaged by reading "Touring in 1600." The grumbling commuter who reads it will be more patient when his morning train is five minutes late.

THE SPIRIT OF THE MASTER

Among the many letters which I have received from readers of the series of articles recently published in The Outlook entitled "The Master Builder" are two which impress me as specially significant—one from a Jew, the other from a Zoroastrian, both expressing reverence and admiration for Jesus Christ. Following are extracts from them:

I

"'Lechu Doydi Licrass Kaluh.' In Moravia, in Wenely, Count Korinshy's town, in the Jewish synagogue, the place of my birth, you can hear the above Friday evening today as regularly as fifty years ago. The synagogue is open every day of the three hundred and sixty-five. But here our rabbi is on his vacation. So we content ourselves with reading Rabbi Lyman Abbott in The Outlook. His 'Master Builder' is wonderfully beautiful and instructive. . . . When a Jew has read The Outlook as long as I have, he learns new lessons, not only in Judaism and Christianity, but in humanity—and it becomes the Sabbath bride at his home and fireside."

II

"With the greatest interest have I read your article in the issue of the 12th on 'The Master Builder,' and before going any further wish to assure you of my great love and esteem in which I hold Jehorshuah the Christ. I am a Zoroastrian by faith, and as such do not believe in anything that is a miracle or claimed to be such. You ask the question, 'Is he not an example?' Indeed he is, worthy not alone to pattern after, but to do greater things, which are within the reach of all; as he said himself, 'Greater things than I did ye shall do.' . . . Jesus to me is indeed a master builder, a physician, priest, teacher, and adviser; in fact, everything that is of the best; above everything else, as he says himself, '*a son of man*.'"

I have received numerous other letters, expressive of similar appreciation, from members of different Christian denominations.

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The significance of these letters lies, not in their appreciation of the articles, but in their appreciation of the Person about whom the articles were written. They illustrate what is meant by the declaration that Christianity is a universal religion.

It is not conceivable that any series of articles on adult baptism by immersion or on infant baptism by sprinkling, on divine sovereignty or free will, on Trinitarianism or Unitarianism, on Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Papal church organization, on the mass or the prayer-meeting, would have elicited such words of appreciation from widely different Christian denominations and from men who belong to no Christian Church, but to religious organizations quite generally regarded as hostile to Christianity. A religion which regards a ceremony, or a creed, or a church organization, or a form of worship as essential can never be a universal religion.

Jesus Christ did not found religion. Religion existed long before he was born and has existed in the lives of untold millions of individuals who never heard of him. He did not found a special religion. A special religion must have either a creed, or a church order, or a ritual, or all three. But Jesus Christ propounded no creed, prescribed no church organization, described no ritual. "I have come," he said, "that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly." When an attempt is made, however fragmentarily and imperfectly, to describe that life, as illustrated by incidents in his biography, not only all schools of Christian disciples recognize it, but it is equally recognized and appreciated by the open-minded Jew and the open-minded Zoroastrian.

Ceremonies, creeds, church organizations, church rituals, are not wrong; they are not un-Christian. But they are at best only fragmentary expressions of the life. The life is universal; but these fragmentary expressions are not, and cannot be, universal. It was inevitable, it was right, that they should grow out of the life; but they are not to be confounded with the life. Some disciples desiring to confess their faith in the Master use baptism by immersion for that purpose, because he was immersed. Others, wishing to make their children sharers with them in the life, bring their children to the church as in his lifetime parents brought their children to the Master. Men of one temperament, finding a peculiar happiness in the experience of absolute trust in their Father, express that trust in a doctrine of divine sovereignty; others, finding a peculiar happiness in their sense of personal responsibility and resultant duty, express that sense of duty in a doctrine of free will. Some, of a democratic spirit, bind themselves together in Congregational and Presbyterian organizations; others, who desire a more pronounced leadership, find what they wish in the Episcopal and Papal organizations. Men of warmer emotional type seek an elaborate and æsthetic ritual to express their devotion; men of a colder and more reserved temper seek for a simple expression. Which are right? They are all right. They are wrong when they insist that the form and method which appeal to them are the only form and method, and that to reject them is to reject the life and the Master who came to bring that life.

There are many schools of music. One prefers Strauss, another Brahms, a third Beethoven, a fourth Wagner. A musician who should claim that there was no music but that of Wagner would fall into the same kind of error that we fall into when we think that there can be no expression of life except that which appeals to us, and that our sect and Christianity are synonymous—when, in other words, we identify Christianity with baptism, or Calvinism, or Trinitarianism, or the mass, or the prayer-meeting.

When we do this, we convert Christianity from the universal religion into a special religion; that is, into a sect—a splendid sect, much the best of sects, but still a sect. And Jesus Christ we assign to a place by the side of Confucius, Siddharta, Zoroaster, Mohammed, as the founder of one of the great world religions.

We make the same mistake when we substitute for the life of devotion specific rules of conduct; for self-control a duty of total abstinence; for the spirit of service a prohibition of dancing, theater-going, or card-playing. A person of one temperament or education may find it impossible to maintain and develop the highest life of reverence if he goes to the theater. Then he ought not to go. Another may find that no other recreation fits him so well for his next day's work as an occasional play, because no other recreation takes his mind so completely off his work. Then he ought to go. To go to the theater is the duty of the one; to stay away from it is the duty of the other.

Is there, then, the reader may ask me, no

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such thing as truth? Is truth only what the individual thinks it to be? Is not Divine Sovereignty either true or false? And the doctrine of the Trinity either a sublime truth or a stupendous error? I reply: Truth is not merely what the individual thinks it to be. Truth is real. But no man knows *the* truth; he only knows *truths*. We might all well say what Paul said, "We know in fragments and we prophesy in fragments." The Alps do not appear the same to the traveler looking at them from Switzerland and the traveler looking at them from Italy. If the Italian should insist that the Swiss should describe the Alps as the Italian describes them, he would be a sectarian. Curious, is it not? We all agree that the world is so great that men in different positions and men of different temperaments and different capacities will see different aspects of it. But we seem to think that the Maker of the world is so small that we can all see him alike, and whoever does not see in him what we see in him is an unbeliever. No wonder there are agnostics.

The spirit of the Christ is Christianity. It was a spirit of consecration to a great cause and courage in prosecuting it; it was a spirit of sympathy with men and with all sorts and conditions of men; it was a spirit of forgetfulness of self and service of others; it was a spirit of companionship with his Father and an absorbing desire to accomplish his Father's will; in brief, it was a spirit of love, service, and sacrifice. Whoever is dominated and directed in his life by this spirit of love, service, and sacrifice is a Christian, whether he has been baptized by immersion, by sprinkling, or not at all; whether he thinks Jesus Christ is of one substance with the Father, of a different substance from the Father, or does not know; whether his devotional temper is best expressed by the mass or by a Quaker meeting; whether he worships in a Jewish synagogue or a Christian church. LYMAN ABBOTT.

THE AMERICAN HUNTER-NATURALIST[1]

EDITORIAL BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

IT has been wisely said that the most valuable work done by any individual in a nation, from the standpoint of the nation itself, is apt to be, from that individual's own standpoint, non-remunerative work. The statesmen and soldiers who have really rendered most service to the country were not paid, and indeed, according to our theories, ought not to have been paid, in a way that represented any adequate material reward as compared, for instance, to the sums earned by the most successful business and professional men. Great scientists, great philosophers, great writers, must also get most of their reward from the actual doing of the deed itself; for any pay they receive, measured in money, is of necessity wholly inadequate compared to the worth of the service. Finally, there are certain kinds of work in which the man not merely gets no adequate remuneration, but is obliged to spend far more than he receives, so that he actually pays for the privilege of rendering the public a service. This is peculiarly apt to be the case with explorers and with those adventurous naturalists whose love for their pursuit takes them into lands difficult and dangerous of access. From the days of Lewis and Clark to the days of Peary our greatest explorers have not only made no money out of their explorations, but have had to pay heavily for the privilege of doing work of incalculable risk and hardship; and their sufficient reward has been that the result of their work added materially to the record of honorable achievement of the American people.

Mr. Charles Sheldon is a capital representative of the best hunter-naturalist type of to-day. During the century and a half that have elapsed since tranquil Mr. White of Selborne began to correspond with Pennant the love and appreciation of wild things have grown wonderfully. The Gilbert White type of writer and observer has probably reached its highest expression in John Burroughs. But during the last thirty or forty years one of the most interesting developments of this type—foreshadowed in Waterton—has been

[1] The Wilderness of the Upper Yukon: A Hunter's Explorations for Wild Sheep in Sub-Arctic Mountains. By Charles Sheldon. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

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the wilderness wanderer, who to the hardihood and prowess of the old-time hunter adds the capacity of a first-class field naturalist, and also, what is just as important, the power of literary expression. Such a man can do for the lives of the wild creatures of the wooded and mountainous wilderness what John Muir has done for the physical features of the wilderness; what John Burroughs has done for field and grove and farm land, and the birds and little beasts that dwell therein. It must always be remembered that in order to make such writings of the highest value they must have the quality of literary interest which we demand in really first-class history and first-class fiction no less than the power of accurate observation and the strict fidelity to truth which the historian must exhibit. Owen Wister's account of his white goat hunting is not only accurate, but is also as amusing and as interesting as his account of the adventures of the Virginian and Linn Maclean and Honey Wiggin, and of what befell the Pilgrim on the Gila, and the story of the worried Territorial officials and competent officers and enlisted men of the regular army who brought about the Second Missouri Compromise.

Exactly as every modern historian now recognizes the elementary fact that history means documents, so the man interested in biology, and especially in the life histories of living creatures—the study of which is certain to receive a constantly increasing appreciation by scientific men—must always remember that observations are useless unless they are written down and ultimately published. It is exasperating to think of certain of our naturalists and hunter-naturalists the value of whose really extraordinary achievements will wholly or in part die with them unless they realize the need of putting them on paper in proper form. Taking him all in all, from the standpoint of field study and closet study, from the standpoint of scientific investigator and of observer in the open, there is no mammalogist in the world who stands quite on a level with Hart Merriam, of the National Museum at Washington. He has written innumerable pamphlets which are excellent in their way, he has done an extraordinary amount of genuine scientific work; but, though there is this sum of real achievement to his credit, it is not a tenth or a twentieth as important as what he could put to his credit—and incidentally to our credit, to the credit of the American people—if only he would do so; for he could, and ought to, write a work on the mammals of North America which would literally be monumental, which would last indefinitely. He has written such a book about the mammals of the Adirondacks, and, though this book was written many years ago when he was only a young man, it is the best thing of its kind that has ever been done in this country; and it will be a real misfortune if Mr. Merriam does not repeat it on a great scale by writing such a book for all the mammals of the continent north of Mexico, or even including Mexico.

Mr. Shiras and Dr. Abbott are two men with experiences so remarkable that it is really lamentable that they should not understand that in the last analysis all that distinguishes civilization from savagery rests on the written word, and that the lack of will to write is always likely to make even the best work of ephemeral value. Dr. Abbott's feats as a naturalist and explorer in Africa and in Asia have been extraordinary, but they have not been of more than the smallest fraction of the value that they should have been, simply because they have not been recorded. There are very few men alive whose experiences would be of more value than his, if only they were written out. Mr. Shiras has done extraordinary work in the woods with a camera as well as with the notebook. He is a great hunter, but he has finally almost abandoned hunting and become a great field naturalist and observer of wild life. His photographs are extraordinary, his note-books are filled with matter of extraordinary interest; but he will not publish them! He comes out of the wilds and gives his photographs to some daily paper and talks about his experiences to a reporter. He might exactly as well talk about them and show his photographs in a smoking-car, so far as any real value in the way of recording what he has seen is concerned. If he could or would put into book form his experiences, thus preserving his written notes and his pictures, he would render a very real service to the cause of science, he would confer a boon upon lovers of nature; and, unless he does so, his experiences will really amount to very little excepting in so far as they have given him personal gratification.

Mr. Sheldon has now for many years hunted in the wilderness, and most carefully studied in a state of nature at first hand the wild animals of this continent which are best

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worth studying. He is a hardy and adventurous hunter and a trained faunal naturalist. What he has to say is of high value, and he has the power so to say it as to bring out this value to the full. This is only the first of the books which we have a right to expect from him. His experiences in Alaska, and indeed in the entire Northwest, are such as no other man has had; and no other writer on the subject has ever possessed both his power of observation and his power of recording vividly and accurately what he has seen. The present volume is fascinating reading from every standpoint. It is all good, from the dedication to the illustrations. The dedication is to one of the best outdoor and indoor naturalists in America, Mr. Edward W. Nelson, and it is phrased so as to show a genuine appreciation of Mr. Nelson's services; and the illustrations include capital photographs and some good reproductions of the striking animal paintings of the animal artist Carl Rungius.

Mr. Sheldon is not only a first-class hunter and naturalist but passionately devoted to all that is beautiful in nature, and he has the literary taste and ability to etch his landscapes into his narratives, so that they give to the reader something of the feeling that he must have had when he saw them—and that this is no mean feat is evident to every one who realizes how uncommonly dreary most writing about landscape is, for the average writer either treats the matter with utter bareness, or, what is worse, indulges at much length in "fine writing" of the abhorrently florid and prolix type.

Mr. Sheldon hunted in the tremendous Northern wilderness of snow-field and torrent, of scalped mountain and frowning pine forest; and in all the world there is no scenery grander in its lonely desolation than that which he portrays. He is no holiday hunter. Like Stewart Edward White, he is as skillful and self-reliant a woodsman and mountaineer as an old-time trapper, and he always hunts alone. The chase of the Northern mountain sheep, followed in such manner, means a test of every real hunter's quality—marksmanship, hardihood and endurance, nerve and skill as a cragsman, keen eyesight, and high ability as still hunter and stalker. Mr. Sheldon possesses them all. Leaving camp by himself, with a couple of crackers and a piece of chocolate and perhaps a little tea in his pocket, he would climb the mountains until at last he saw his game; and then might have to spend twenty-four hours in the approach, sleeping out overnight and not returning to camp until late the following evening, when he would stagger downhill through the long sub-arctic dusk with the head, hide, and some of the meat of his game on his back. This kind of hunting is the kind that really speaks well for the hunter's bodily prowess and moral qualities.

But the most important part of Mr. Sheldon's book is that which relates not to hunting but to natural history. No professional biologist has worked out the problems connected with these Northern mountain sheep as he has done. He shows that they are of one species; a showing that would have been most unexpected a few years ago, for at one extreme this species becomes the black so-called Stone's sheep, and at the other the pure white, so-called Dall's sheep. Yet, as Mr. Sheldon shows in his maps, his description, and his figures, the two kinds grade into one another without a break, the form midway between having already been described as Fannin's sheep. The working out of this fact is a matter of note. But still more notable is his description of the life history of the sheep from the standpoint of its relations with its foes—the wolf, lynx, wolverine, and war eagle.

A very interesting side of Mr. Sheldon's study is his careful examination of the actual facts as to the methods of attack upon the sheep by their various foes. Closet theorists, many of them wholly without any knowledge of the actual life histories of the animals they describe, have of recent years carried the doctrine of concealing coloration to a preposterous extreme, and they have applied it to these sheep heedless of the fact that one extreme form is black and the other extreme form white, although they are living under practically similar conditions. Mr. Sheldon's first-hand studies in the field show that concealing coloration is a practically negligible factor in the lives of the sheep, that the coloration is of negligible consequence in protecting them from their foes; it is advertising rather than concealing.

In short, this volume is one of the rare volumes which should be in the library of every man who cares for stories of adventure, of every man who cares for natural history and big-game hunting, and, finally, of every man who cares to read of outdoor nature in the wilderness, described with truthfulness, with power, and with charm.

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WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH BUSINESS?

A SERIES OF ARTICLES
PREPARED BY

FRANCIS E. LEUPP

IN WHICH ARE PRESENTED THE CONSTRUCTIVE VIEWS ON PRESENT BUSINESS CONDITIONS OF MEN WHO STAND HIGH IN THE WORLD OF FINANCE AND INDUSTRY

INTRODUCTION

SEVERAL weeks ago the editors of The Outlook placed before me the question which stands at the head of this page. In my search for an answer I have enlisted the aid of a number of prominent men who know business from the inside. They have handled large enterprises; most of them are still actively occupied; those who have retired from the field are interested spectators of what has since been going on in it. They are not the sort of men who daily seek the market-place for an audience. On the contrary, they are reluctant witnesses, whom it has required no little diplomacy, and often a strong appeal to their sense of public duty, to induce to speak at all at this juncture; for the diagnosis of a disorder while fresh symptoms are developing day by day is not an attractive task, and any suggestion of a remedy by a trained practitioner is liable to draw forth a volley of criticism from the quacks whose prescriptions have made the patient steadily worse instead of better. But the purpose which The Outlook had in view, of relieving at least a measure of the popular anxiety by indicating where the seat of the prevailing trouble lies and suggesting remedies which could be sanely applied without peril to the sufferer, commended itself to the gentlemen approached as worthy of their co-operation; and one after another stifled the promptings of reluctance, and told me candidly what they thought. Some confined their attention to those phases of the subject which came most closely under their observation in their own callings; others took a more sweeping view, embracing everything between them and the horizon; still others passed over the surface phenomena with a mere glance and considered the deeper philosophy underlying them.

All our talks were informal—the kind a man has every day with his neighbor. This will account for the absence of such rhetorical refinements as would be used to polish an essay; and for that very reason they will doubtless carry greater weight with the ordinary reader, to whom they present a simple reflection of the thought of a group of practical Americans, including the producer and the middleman, the financier and the laborer, the transporter, the publicist, and the "ultimate consumer." The only types excluded are the well-meaning

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man who looks out upon the world through a glass which distorts proportions; the irrepressible rider of hobbies, and his brother the vender of patent remedies; the optimist who ignores all the shadows in the landscape, and the pessimist who refuses to season his dread forebodings with even the salt of humor.

FIRST ARTICLE

THE VIEWS OF FRANK A. VANDERLIP

PRESIDENT OF THE NATIONAL CITY BANK

First on the list of men with whom I have talked I have placed Mr. Frank A. Vanderlip, President of the National City Bank of New York, whose position as the head of the largest institution of its class in the United States, and as Chairman of the Clearing-House Committee, keeps him in intimate touch with the exchanges and the operations of trade and commerce. Although barely turned forty-seven, Mr. Vanderlip, in the course of a career which reads almost like a romance, has had an opportunity of studying business from a great variety of angles, and perhaps no other man of corresponding rank in the banking world is better qualified to reply to the question propounded.

From an Illinois farm, through early trials and hardships, he entered the field of finance by the door of journalism. While financial editor of a Chicago newspaper he took a special course in finance and economics at the University of Illinois and the University of Chicago. For a time he edited a financial periodical. His reputation as a financial authority and writer had been firmly established when he went to Washington in 1897. After four years' service there as Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, during which he participated in many important operations and represented this country as delegate to the International Conference of Commerce and Industry at Ostend, he became Vice-President of the National City Bank in 1901, and President in 1909. Mr. Vanderlip has traveled extensively, and has contributed often as a writer and speaker to the discussion of financial problems, always applying a remarkable analytical faculty to the scrutiny of affairs, not only in their material but in their human aspects. He is a Trustee of the Carnegie Foundation, member of the Council of the New York University, and interested in other educational and beneficent institutions outside of the realm of finance.

"You ask," he responded, "'What is the matter with business?' Judged by those data which are used generally in gauging the business situation, there is nothing very serious the matter with business. Its volume in all lines related to the distribution of commodities is almost as large as it ever has been. The consumptive demand of the Nation is nearly up to normal. Nowhere is there overproduction or undue expansion. Our banking and credit position is as sound as we could hope it might be under our defective banking laws.

"In the face of all that, however, it is pretty generally agreed that business has ahead the most serious situation that has existed since you or I have been observers of business conditions, with the possible exception of those days when the integrity of the standard of value itself was in doubt.

"The seriousness of the outlook is reflected in the fact that every line of business having to do with industrial expansion, with capital expenditure, with anything, in fact, other than supplying the day-by-day consumptive needs of the country, is prostrated. New capital expenditures, unless surrounded by exceptional circumstances, are not being made. Capital is deaf to all prospectuses that plan business expansion. In a country where new enterprises constitute such an important proportion of the business life as has been the case in America it would be difficult to overstate the seriousness of such a condition of affairs.

"There are, it is true, minor reasons for this conservative attitude of capital, among which the prospect of tariff legislation is an important one; but the substantial cause of the hesitant and disturbed state of mind now universal among business men and capitalists is due to the chaotic situation resulting from the attempt to adjust business to a law.

"In the limits of a brief interview such as you suggest there is no room to give a his-

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torical setting to the question, nor is there necessity for doing so, for most of the history runs back less than twenty-five years and is fresh in the minds of those who are considering the subject. Modern transportation and communication have gone far toward making the Nation at the present time a single business community. The growth of wealth has made available great aggregations of capital. In a situation where transportation has made a single business community continent-broad, and where there are available practically unlimited supplies of capital, which permit the organization of business on a scale as large as economic considerations warrant, it is inevitable that the economies of large-scale business should become absolutely compelling forces.

"That is what has happened. Natural laws have been at work. Not the machinations of criminally minded men, but the operations of obvious economic laws, have produced the large business units against which the fear, the prejudice, the intense opposition of many people are directed. We are now in the midst of an attempt to meet what are regarded as the grave dangers and unfair inequalities of opportunity that flow from this state of affairs. We are trying to accomplish this by the application of a law that is indefinite in its text, but is aimed with great severity at the continuance both of further industrial development and the very existence of business as now organized.

"The hypothesis upon which the enforcement of the Sherman Law rests is that the remedy for the evils believed to be inherent in large-scale business is to break up big organizations into smaller parts and force a return to the competitive conditions that existed prior to the formation of the organizations. The hypothesis also assumes that the restoration of old conditions would be facilitated by branding as criminals men who have engaged in the organization and management of these combinations and visiting upon them the fate of those who break laws.

"I believe this hypothesis is fundamentally false. I believe that the economic theories upon which it is based are erroneous. I believe that the attempt to reach through this means the remedy that is sought will be futile, and that the practical result will, in exact proportion to the extent of the effort, produce disorganization of business and industry to a degree wholly unrealized by those who rely upon this law to solve this economic problem. Moreover, we are only getting fairly under way in this attempt at reaching a right result by a wrong method. There are said to be one hundred great corporations yet to be brought to the bar. If it were conceivable that we were to press straight on and, without change in the law in any particular, enforce it to the full limit in every case where it applied—I say that, if that were conceivable, the disaster that would overtake business would be indeed incalculable.

"That there *is* a great economic problem is undeniable. There are undoubtedly business men who believe that we are merely in a phase of radical political thought which will in time pass away. On the theory that business will somehow flounder through the present agitation, they assume that it is unnecessary to consider seriously the formulation of constructive legislation designed to meet the dangers, fancied or real, which the public imagines reside in the record and potentiality of these great combinations of capital. I feel that men who stick to such an attitude are perhaps as blind as those who see a solution only in the judicial destruction of the organizations and the imprisonment of the managers. I know also that to men with the individualist point of view of a generation ago the mere suggestion of anything in the shape of Government supervision of business seems new, radical, unnecessary, essentially heretical. For my part, however, I need no further demonstration of the fact that we have moved far from that old individualistic view than to contrast the position of the individual of to-day with the power, influence, and potential capacity of the modern corporation.

"A majority of the business men of the country recognize the existence of a problem which might, in a word, be described as the question of the political necessity for some sort of public control over corporate aggregations. I find no fault with any attempt to devise proper means for such control, but I do believe that the theory of control which is represented by an effort to break up big business units and punish as criminals their organizers, and to enforce old-fashioned competitive industrial warfare, is untenable. It will not stand economic analysis. It would inevitably fail to accomplish the desired result. So far as it may succeed in breaking up corporate organizations, it will produce grave economic harm."

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"Why have not business men stood up with greater courage to deny the effectiveness of the Sherman Law to solve this question of control," I inquired, "if there is any general agreement with the views you express?"

"The reason is not difficult to understand. The law for years was regarded almost as a dead letter. When the executive authorities, after a generation, suddenly proclaimed that it was to be enforced against the development of business during the intervening years, business was stunned. That announcement raised the sign 'No Thoroughfare' across the path of business. Nevertheless, it would have been folly to propose that an existing law should not be enforced. Equally futile would it have been to suggest that the Sherman Law be repealed and nothing enacted in its stead. Effective objection to the present policy of the enforcement of that law must, therefore, be coupled with a constructive programme for legislation which will promise a satisfactory solution of the problem.

"That solution must be both so fair and adequate that those who feel acutely the danger of the situation will accept it as worthy of trial, while those who are conducting business will feel that it is not to be destructive nor likely to lead into unexplored regions of experimentation or theory. No constructive programme as yet having been evolved, it is not difficult to understand why business men, although recognizing the terrible gravity of the situation, have failed to raise their voices in condemnation of a law which involves the disintegration of business.

"While I accept the necessity of reaching a prompt and proper solution of the problem as it exists, I cannot refrain from expressing my belief that many of the factors are being grossly exaggerated. There are many men who have so distorted its proportions that they believe we are immediately facing, if we are not already in the midst of, a condition in which most industries are passing into monopolistic control. Their imaginations carry them to a point where they see perhaps not more than a dozen great corporations controlling most of the industries of the country. Even further, they see the heads of those corporations linked together by mutual interests and understandings so that an oligarchy, a handful of men, might control the destinies of the Nation. The picture they paint is utterly false. The perspective is wholly distorted. The imagination which paints a picture of that sort might with equal facility, if it were turned toward the labor field, picture the universal amalgamation of union labor, all-embracing in its membership, irresistible in its power, pitilessly exacting unfair demands, and as ready as the fictitious industrial oligarchy to dominate industrial life. Fortunately 'a tree never grows to heaven.' Neither of those pictures, in my opinion, will ever have its counterpart in actual fact. I believe the danger of corporate oligarchy is far less than the danger of labor oligarchy, but I know that neither will ever exist. In my opinion, vastly greater damage to the people and the country is resulting from the assault upon the economic laws of business through the erroneous political conception embodied in the Sherman Law than from any incidental restraint upon the principle of competition through the growth of large economical industrial units. Whatever dangers lie in the monopolistic tendency should be guarded against, but to do that effectually does not mean to destroy the great modern instrument of economy which has been created."

"In other words, you do not deem it necessary to kill your patient because his case calls for a surgical operation?"

"That is it. Or take for an example this electric light under which we are sitting. Its invention was an economical method of accomplishing a desirable thing, but the current which is the basis of that light is dangerous. It has killed many people. It has burned many buildings. Should we, then, have forbidden its use and returned to tallow candles, or should we have held fast to it while we found means of rendering it harmless? Fortunately, we did the latter. We learned that we could properly insulate the wires and that the current could go on ministering to our comfort and rarely harming any one.

"But, mark you, to-day, if I introduce electric light into my house, the underwriters send an inspector to see what precautions I have taken to insulate the wires. What he condemns I must discard. What he tells me should be done I must do or suffer the consequences. If I am an extreme individualist, that may shock me, but there is really nothing tyrannous about it. It is a method of safeguarding the public interests, and, incidentally, my own. Paralleling this thought, we have, it seems to me, in the great business combinations a dynamic force of the highest economic availability. Like other forces, if

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improperly handled, it is dangerous. Cannot we insulate ourselves from its dangers and retain all its dynamic power? Instead, we are now prohibiting the effective use of this force rather than guarding ourselves from its dangerous features and enjoying its advantages.

"In your long experience as a Washington correspondent, Mr. Leupp, I doubt not that you often sat in the Press Gallery during the closing hours of a session of Congress and saw that diverting practice of the Speaker of the House in directing the doorkeeper to turn back the hands of the clock to permit Congress to complete some final business before the session came to its statutory end. It would not have been inappropriate if the vote which enacted the Sherman Law had been taken in one of those periods of time, grasped in that ingenious way, by a dying Congress.

"The Sherman Law, to me, seems like an attempt at turning back the hands of the clock. However earnest and sincere the efforts may be to enforce that law and to compel people who have comprehended the waste and destruction of remorseless economic warfare to return to a state of unrestricted competition, however strong the belief may be that by legislation and judicial judgments, by fines and imprisonments, it will be possible to compel the abandonment of a great economic device and force business to wheel around in its tracks and return to the status of fifty years ago, the whole effort will be as futile as the turning back of the hands of the legislative clock. Time ticks on, let the laws be what they may. The outward measure of time as shown on that one clock may for a few minutes be interrupted, but its hands must be set up again to their rightful place before the succeeding session of Congress convenes. Just so our industrial and commercial progress, interrupted though it may be temporarily, must eventually synchronize with that of other nations.

"The movement of the concentration of industry toward big-scale units is not confined to the United States. It is proceeding as irresistibly abroad as here, in free-trade England and protected Germany—in the latter country through the Cartel system, with the legal approval and aid of the Government. It is, in its essence, the process of screwing up efficiency to the top notch. To compel us now to reduce the size of our industrial units would hopelessly handicap us in the race with our commercial rivals. Besides, look across the Pacific, where the teeming millions of China at last are stirring. Soon the products of China's mills and factories, manufactured upon a depreciated currency by the cheapest and most industrious labor in the world, may be invading the gold markets. We have the example of Japan, where battle-ships have been built at home since the Russian War, and of India, where mills are springing up like mushrooms, to warn us of a more intense international competition in the future. When that time comes, the efficiency of our large-scale industrial units may be the last card of the white race in its contest with the yellow.

"There are many hasty thinkers who find magic in the word 'competition' They lose sight of the fact that competition carried to its logical conclusion often causes both competitors to lose money, its end being merely a question of time and its result the insolvency or the absorption of one competitor by the other, and then an attempt to recoup losses at public expense. It was the same sort of unclear thinking which led to the encouragement of the building of competitive railway lines. They ended eventually in the bankruptcy of practically every railway in the country, compelling reorganization into larger roads and trunk lines, with hundreds of millions of unnecessary capitalization, which, in the final analysis, was the price the public paid for the régime of reckless, unrestricted, and unscientific competition. We know now that a double-track railway is six to ten times as effective as a single-track.

"It is now so clearly recognized that a properly controlled monopoly in transportation is vastly better for the public than unrestrained competition that many believe the Inter-State Commerce Commission should pass upon the construction of new lines. I believe that, if the workmen of this country saw clearly what unrestrained competition spells in the relation between industry and labor, there would be a unanimous protest from the labor world against the theory that monopolistic tendencies in industries are best controlled by destroying large corporations with a view to enforcing sharper competition. The illustrations are endless in which a comparison of labor conditions under sharply competitive business with labor conditions in large-scale business enterprises will show on which side of this question the interests of labor lie.

"We see the boon of competition in sweat

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shops, and we do not like its accompanying results. The price that must be paid in economic warfare is as inevitable a National burden as the budget of any Ministry of War.

"What we need, above all else, it seems to me, is a clear statement of the principles that should govern desirable legislation. I believe that those principles are gradually beginning to crystallize in the public conscience, and that they lie in the direction of a certain measure of public supervision. Certainly, however, business should not be controlled merely because it is large. And control to the point where the Government should fix prices should only be approached as a last and final resort. That would be entering upon a field of economics the boundaries of which no man could anticipate. I believe in publicity always, and I think the effect of publicity would be greater than most people believe possible. I believe in the proper control of capitalization. Such control would have the double advantage of protection to the investor and to the public.

"With proper publicity of accounts and wise control of capital issues I believe that we should rest for the present. It will not do to anticipate experience. We must not let ourselves be led hastily to do anything which might force us to take that step of everlasting consequence—price-fixing by the Government."

DREAMS AND THE SUPERNATURAL

BY H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

RECENTLY, writing in The Outlook, I pointed out that most dreams are susceptible of a comparatively simple explanation, which it is possible to formulate briefly by saying that in the ordinary, average dream there is always an initial physical stimulus, whether internal or external, to give occasion to the dream; that the dream itself represents an effort on the part of the sleeping consciousness to interpret this stimulus; and that the manner of the interpretation—the story the dream tells—is ultimately determined not by the stimulus but by the character of the emotional complexes, the subconscious memories, that, through association of ideas, have been stirred to activity by incidents of the waking life of the previous day.

Now, while it is unquestionably the case that the great majority of dreams may be thus explained, it must be added that there are exceptional dreams into which other factors enter, and the contents of which are such as to give rise to a widespread belief that there is something supernatural in them. There are dreams, for example, in which notable conceptions in art, literature, or science are presented to the dreamer, and remembered by him with such clearness that they may be afterwards converted into permanent products of the mind. There are other dreams in which problems that have baffled the dreamer's earnest endeavor while awake are instantaneously and often most dramatically solved for him while he sleeps. Akin to these are dreams in which the hiding-places of lost articles are mysteriously made known. And, finally, there are dreams in which information is gained of events occurring at a distance from the dreamer, and sometimes of events whose occurrence is still a thing of the future.

Of these four classes of unusual dreams, an abundance of instances might be mentioned. It is well known that the late Robert Louis Stevenson obtained through dreams the plots for some of his best stories, including the weird but immortal "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde;" Coleridge's "Kubla Khan" is another famous dream composition; while Tartini's "Devil's Sonata" was the result of a dream in which the devil appeared to Tartini and played the sonata to which the composer gave that name. The same element of dramatic impersonation appears even more strikingly in the singular experience of Professor H. V. Hilprecht, to whom there was revealed in sleep the solution of a seemingly insoluble archæological problem. Professor Hilprecht's account of his dream has been quoted by previous writers, but it is so much to the point in the present connection that it will bear repetition:

"One Saturday evening about the middle

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of March, 1893," he says, "I had been wearying myself, as I had done so often in the weeks preceding, in the vain attempt to decipher two small fragments of agate which were supposed to belong to the finger-rings of some Babylonian. The labor was much increased by the fact that the fragments presented remnants only of characters and lines, that dozens of similar small fragments had been found in the ruins of the temple of Bel at Nippur with which nothing could be done, and that in this case, furthermore, I had never had the originals before me, but only a hasty sketch made by one of the members of the expedition sent by the University of Pennsylvania to Babylonia. I could not say more than that the fragments, taking into consideration the place in which they were found and the peculiar characteristics of the cuneiform characters preserved upon them, sprang from the Cassite period of Babylonian history (about 1700–1140 B.C.). Moreover, as the first character of the third line seemed to be KU, I ascribed this fragment, with an interrogation point, to King Kurigalzu, while I placed the other fragment, as unclassifiable, with other Cassite fragments, upon a page of my book where I published the unclassifiable fragments. The proofs already lay before me, but I was far from satisfied.

"The whole problem passed yet again through my mind that March evening before I placed my mark of approval under the last correction in the book. Even then I had come to no conclusion. About midnight, weary and exhausted, I went to bed, and was soon in deep sleep. Then I dreamed this remarkable dream:

"A tall, thin priest of the old pre-Christian Nippur, about forty years of age, and clad in a simple abba, led me to the treasure chamber of the temple, on its southeast side. He went with me into a small, low-ceiled room without windows, in which there was a large wooden chest, while scraps of agate and lapis lazuli lay scattered on the floor. Here he addressed me as follows:

"'The two fragments which you have published separately upon pages 22 and 26 belong together, are not finger-rings, and their history is as follows: King Kurigalzu (about 1300 B.C.) once sent to the temple of Bel, among other articles of agate and lapis lazuli, an inscribed votive cylinder of agate. Then we priests suddenly received the command to make for the statue of the god Ninib a pair of earrings of agate. We were in great dismay, since there was no agate as raw material at hand. In order to execute the command there was nothing for us to do but cut the votive cylinder into three parts, thus making three rings, each of which contained a portion of the original inscription. The first two rings served as earrings for the statue of the god; the two fragments which have given you so much trouble are portions of them. If you will put the two together, you will have confirmation of my words. But the third ring you have not yet found in the course of your excavations, and you never will find it.'

"With this the priest disappeared. I awoke at once, and immediately told my wife the dream, that I might not forget it. Next morning—Sunday—I examined the fragments once more in the light of these disclosures, and to my astonishment found all the details of the dream precisely verified, in so far as the means of verification were in my hands. The original inscription on the votive cylinder read: 'To the god Ninib, son of Bel, his lord, has Kurigalzu, pontifex of Bel, presented this.'"

The solving of mathematical problems in sleep would seem to be of especially frequent occurrence. I know of one case in which a stiff problem in differential calculus was worked out in a dream. An English engineer, Mr. F. J. Jones, has reported that he once dreamed the answer, "a number with several places of decimals," to a problem which had long baffled him. In another case a business man who had been trying for two months to correct an error in his cash accounts had a vivid dream in which the mistake was shown to be due to a complicated cross-entry. While still asleep he got out of bed and made a memorandum on a slip of paper, for the purpose of helping him to make the necessary correction the next day. Oddly enough, when he awoke in the morning, he forgot all about the dream and the memorandum. But that evening, while shaving for dinner, he chanced to pick up the slip to wipe his razor, saw the memorandum on it, and at once remembered his dream.

"The effect on me," he states, "was such that I returned to our office and turned to the cash-book, when I found that I had really, when asleep, detected the error which I could not detect in my waking hours, and had actually jotted it down."

Sometimes the dream action involves, at one and the same time, the solving of a

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problem and an actual work of creation. A typical case was recently communicated to me by a leading Pacific Coast architect. He had been commissioned to design a twenty-six story office building, to be erected in Portland, Oregon, and he determined, if possible, to plan one that would be a real contribution towards the solution of some of the most difficult problems of modern commercial architecture. For weeks he labored hard to devise a building that would unite a maximum of beauty, solidity, and capacity with an abundance and as nearly as possible an equality of light and air for the many offices it was to contain. The structure he ultimately conceived was certainly novel, and differed conspicuously from the ordinary four-sided office building, with its inner offices lighted from a court.

His plan called for the construction of a building shaped much like a St. Andrew's cross, or like a square with a triangle cut out of each side. In this way the need for an inner court was completely obviated, and the only poorly ventilated and dimly lighted portion of the building would be its central "core." Here the elevators and stairs were to be located.

According to the architect's own statement, this plan—which has been highly praised by so eminent a critic as Mr. Montgomery Schuyler—was born in his mind while he slept. One night he saw in a dream a building shaped in this fashion, and knew that his problem was solved. He tells me that on awaking he made two rough sketches of the plan in a pocket note-book—one showing the general design, the other indicating the appearance of the building when completed.

As to the revelation in dream of the whereabouts of lost articles, an exceptionally interesting case was reported to me some months ago by a young lady attending college at Greeley, Colorado. Her father, it appears, had sent her a check, which for a day or two she delayed cashing. Then, being without money, she looked for it in the place where she supposed she had put it, but, to her dismay, discovered that it was not there. A thorough search of her room failed to bring it to light, and, as it was not a personal check of her father's, she was greatly worried, thinking that it might be impossible to duplicate it.

A couple of nights later she had a curious dream in which she saw herself standing in front of a bookcase in the college library. On a certain shelf were five books, one bound in blue, another in yellow, and between them three with a white binding. She took down one of the white-covered volumes, opened it idly, and in the middle of the book found her check.

Next morning she awoke with no memory of the dream, nor did she recall it when, later in the day, she visited the college library and came across this identical placing of books. It recurred to her only when she glanced into one of the white-covered volumes. Feeling rather "foolish," and also not a little apprehensive, she took down a second volume of the same set, opened it, and there, sure enough, was the missing check!

Very similar is a dream for which I am indebted to Mr. Andrew Lang, who got it from the dreamer, an English lawyer. This gentleman had sat up late to write letters, and about half-past twelve went out to post them. On his return he missed a check for a large amount received by him during the day. He searched everywhere in vain, went to bed, and soon fell asleep. Then he dreamed that he saw the check curled around an area railing not far from his own door. Waking, he was so impressed that, although it was not yet daylight, he got up, dressed, walked out of the house, and found the check at the spot indicated by his dream.

Compare with these the following statement communicated to the American Society for Psychical Research by Professor Royce, as coming from a trustworthy lady of his acquaintance:

"A number of years ago I was invited to visit a friend who lived at a large and beautiful country-seat on the Hudson. Shortly after my arrival I started, with a number of other guests, to make a tour of the very extensive grounds. We walked for an hour or more, and thoroughly explored the place. Upon my return to the house I discovered that I had lost a gold cuff-stud that I valued for association's sake. I merely remembered that I wore it when we started out, and did not think of or notice it again until my return, when it was missing. As it was quite dark, it seemed useless to search for it, especially as it was the season of autumn and the ground was covered with dead leaves.

"That night I dreamed that I saw a withered grape-vine clinging to a wall, and with a pile of dead leaves at its base. Underneath the leaves, in my dream, I distinctly saw my stud gleaming.

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"The following morning I asked the friends with whom I had been walking the previous afternoon if they remembered seeing any such wall and vine, as I did not. They replied that they could not recall anything answering the description. I did not tell them why I asked, as I felt somewhat ashamed of the dream, but during the morning I made some excuse to go out in the grounds alone. I walked hither and thither, and after a long time I suddenly came upon the wall and vine exactly as they looked in my dream. I had not the slightest recollection of seeing them or passing by them on the previous day. The dead leaves at the base were lying heaped up, as in my dream. I approached cautiously, feeling rather uncomfortable and decidedly silly, and pushed them aside. I had scattered a large number of leaves when a gleam of gold struck my eye, and there lay the stud exactly as in my dream."

Professor Royce's informant adds that this experience will always be remembered by her as something "uncanny." Similarly, the young lady who found her check in the book in the college library informs me that the dream which enabled her to find it has troubled her greatly, and it is evident that she is inclined to regard it as a supernatural manifestation. It would not be difficult to imagine her state of mind had the dream taken some such form as that reported by Professor Hilprecht; or if, as has been known to happen, the desired information had been given by a vision of the "ghost" of some deceased relative. There is, for instance, the strange dream of Miss Elizabeth Conley, occurring immediately after the death of her father, an Iowa farmer, who had gone from his home, near Ionia, to Dubuque on business, had been found dead in a hotel shed, and had been taken to the morgue, where, after the inquest, his body was made ready for shipment home.

The clothes he had been wearing were so old, torn, and soiled that they were discarded, made into a bundle, and left in the morgue yard to be disposed of later. But the next day, when Mr. Conley's son reached Ionia with the body, he was asked by his sister Elizabeth what had been done with their father's clothes. "Father came to me in a dream," she declared, "and told me that after leaving home he had sewed a roll of bills inside his shirt, in a pocket made with a piece of my red dress." The brother, not unnaturally, doubted the value of a statement coming from such a source, but his sister was so wrought up that the family physician advised him to return to Dubuque and make inquiry, if only to set her mind at rest. There followed the discovery that a pocket had, in fact, been sewed inside the shirt with a piece of red cloth, awkwardly stitched as by a man's hand, and that it contained thirty dollars in bills.

From a dream like this it is but a slight transition to the last of our four classes of exceptional dreams—to dreams, that is to say, in which information would seem to be supernaturally given of events occurring at a distance from the dreamer, and of events of future occurrence. In the main such dreams are concerned with coincidental or impending misfortune, and there is frequently a vivid presentation of the person chiefly concerned, with sometimes a more or less detailed view of the attendant circumstances. Thus Canon Warburton, reporting an experience of his youth, relates that he once dreamed of seeing his brother coming out of a ball-room in a distant part of London and falling down the stairs. Half an hour later he was joined by the brother, who told him of a narrow escape he had had from serious injury by a fall in the manner seen in the dream.

Or, if it is a case of death coincidence, the "ghost" of the dead person may appear to the dreamer, and may even be heard to speak, as in a weird experience narrated by a reputable London business man to Mrs. Eleanor Sidgwick, widow of the distinguished scholar Henry Sidgwick. This business man had formerly made his home in Glasgow, where he had a large manufacturing plant, still operated by him at the time of the dream. Among his employees was a Robert Mackenzie, who had been in his service for many years, and in whose welfare he was much interested. On the Saturday before the dream the employees of the factory had their annual ball. The following Tuesday, the manufacturer affirms—

"I dreamed, but with no vagueness, as in common dreams, no blurring of outline or rapid passages from one thing disconnectedly to another, that I was seated at a desk, engaged in a business conversation with an unknown gentleman, who stood on my right hand. Towards me, in front, advanced Robert Mackenzie, and, feeling annoyed, I addressed him with some asperity, asking him if he did not see that I was engaged.

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He retired to a short distance with exceeding reluctance, and turned again to approach me, as if most desirous of an immediate colloquy, when I spoke to him still more sharply as to his want of manners. On this, the person with whom I was conversing took his leave, and Mackenzie once more came forward.

"'What is all this, Robert?' I asked, somewhat angrily. 'Did you not see that I was engaged?'

"'Yes, sir,' he replied; 'but I must speak with you at once.'

"'What about?' I said. 'What is it that can be so important?'

"'I wish to tell you, sir,' he answered, 'that I am accused of doing a thing I did not do, and that I want you to know it, and I tell you so, and that you are to forgive me for what I am blamed for, because I was innocent.'

"Then, 'I did not do the thing they say I did.'

"I said, 'What?' getting the same answer. I then naturally asked:

"'But how can I forgive you if you do not tell me what you are accused of?'

"I can never forget the emphatic manner of his answer, in the Scottish dialect:

"'Ye'll sune ken.'

"This question and the answer were repeated at least twice—I am certain the answer was repeated thrice, in the most fervent tone. On that I awoke, and was in that state of surprise and bewilderment which such a remarkable dream might induce, and was wondering what it all meant, when my wife burst into my bedroom, much excited, and, holding an open letter in her hand, exclaimed:

"'Oh, James! here's a terrible end to the workman's ball: Robert Mackenzie has committed suicide!'

"With a full conviction of the meaning of the vision, I at once quietly and firmly said:

"'No, he has not committed suicide.'

"'How can you possibly know that?'

"'Because he has just been here to tell me.'"

Later word was received from the manager of the Glasgow establishment stating that, as a matter of fact, Mackenzie had not committed suicide, the evidence at the inquest showing that he had taken a drink by mistake from a bottle of poison, thinking it was whisky.

Again, the message of death or disaster may be apprehended in dream symbolically, without the presence of the principal actor in the distant tragedy. It is less than two weeks since I received a letter from a lady living in Brooklyn, describing an experience that may well be cited to illustrate this point. Her dream, however, was of such an intimate character that the names of the persons and places must be suppressed. Three years ago, this lady writes, her daughter became interested in a young man, Mr. V., whose suit, however, the mother discouraged. Afterwards her daughter met, fell in love with, and was happily married to a physician in the Government service. She soon went abroad with her husband, to a remote and isolated post. My informant continues:

"We could not hear from them all winter because they were ice-bound, but my thoughts of them were always most delightful, for their last letters were bubbling over with happiness, and I was lovingly busy getting things ready for them.

"Mr. V. had almost passed from my mind, when one morning, in the middle of June, I arose, took a bath, and, having a half-hour to spare, went back to bed again, falling into a deep sleep.

"Suddenly Mr. V. appeared to me in one of my lower rooms. It seemed to be breakfast time, and I invited him to have some. He accepted, and we sat together for some time, but I do not remember any of our conversation. Suddenly he arose, faced me, and, looking straight into my eyes, said emphatically:

"'Now she is mine! Nothing you can do will ever separate us again! This time she will belong to me!'

"I awoke with a start, much frightened. Then, realizing the situation, I thanked Heaven she was safely married, and promptly put the dream from me. This was about eight o'clock. At ten a despatch reached me saying that my daughter's husband had died, from the result of a boating accident, two weeks before."

Of dreams revealing events not of past or present but of future occurrence an astonishingly large number with excellent credentials have been recorded. Usually the premonitory dream is one of death or illness, and generally concerns either the dreamer himself or one of his intimate friends. Sometimes it indicates a course of action which, if followed, will avert its fulfillment. Typical in this respect is the dream of a lady whom I shall call Mrs. Z.

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She dreamed that, driving in her brougham along a London street north of Piccadilly, the family coachman fell from the box and struck heavily on his head. Shortly before going to bed she had decided to drive next day to Woolwich, but the dream so disturbed her that she almost changed her mind. However, not wishing to seem superstitious, she went as planned.

Nothing happened until Piccadilly was reached on the return journey. Then Mrs. Z. noticed that other coachmen were staring at her carriage; and, looking through the glass front of the brougham, she saw that her driver was leaning back in his seat, as though to restrain the horse. As the carriage turned out of Piccadilly the memory of her dream flashed into her mind. She ordered the brougham stopped, jumped out, and called to a near-by policeman to catch the coachman, which he did just as the latter swayed and fell from the box. It developed that he had been ill since the previous day, and had gradually fainted from exhaustion during the drive home.

On the other hand, there may be nothing in the least portentous in a premonitory dream; it may be concerned only with some trivial or bizarre happening. This is too often overlooked by those who insist on seeing a supernatural agency at work in all exceptional dreams. There is one odd case, amply corroborated, in which a lady dreamed that, entering her drawing-room after church, she saw five dark little spots on the new carpet, and that these turned out to be holes burned into the carpet. The next day was Sunday, and she went to church as usual. On her return she visited the drawing-room, where she found that a careless housemaid had dropped some hot coals on the carpet, causing five little burned patches. Akin to this is Mr. Frederick Greenwood's dream of the dead hand.

"One night," says Mr. Greenwood, "I dreamed that, making a call on some matter of business, I was shown into a fine great drawing-room and asked to wait. Accordingly I went over to the fireplace, in the usual English way, preparing to wait there. And there, after the same fashion, I lounged with my arm upon the mantelpiece; but only for a few moments. For, feeling that my fingers had rested on something strangely cold, I looked, and saw that they lay on a dead hand: a woman's hand newly cut from the wrist.

"Though I woke in horror on the instant, this dream was quite forgotten—at any rate, for the time—when I did next day make a call on some unimportant matter of business, was shown into a pretty little room adorned with various knickknacks, and then was asked to wait. Glancing by chance toward the mantelpiece (the dream of the previous night still forgotten), what should I see but the hand of a mummy, broken from the wrist. It was a very little hand, and on it was a ring that would have been a 'gem ring' if the dull red stone in it had been genuinely precious. Wherefore I concluded that it was a woman's hand."

Neither this dream nor that of the burned holes in the carpet served any useful purpose, or any purpose whatever. Yet they pointed as directly and vividly to future events as did Mrs. Z.'s dream, or as do the numerous dreams on record predicting the illness or death of the dreamer or of one of the dreamer's friends. There is reason, then, for inferring that the mechanism in all such cases is much the same. Either they are all "supernatural dreams" or there is nothing supernatural in any of them. On the other hand, they cannot be dismissed by raising the cry of "chance coincidence" or by insinuating that possibly the tellers of the dreams did not adhere strictly to the truth.

This is the so-called explanation advanced by many persons with respect to all four classes of the exceptional dreams described and illustrated above. They forget that people do not tell untruths that are likely to expose them to ridicule. There may be some few who, from a morbid desire for notoriety, do exaggerate and distort, or even concoct positive falsehoods in representing themselves as the heroes or heroines of experiences which they did not really have. But the prevailing tendency is to conceal, not to make public, dreams of the type in question.

Nothing, indeed, is more difficult than to induce people to go on record concerning such dreams. I am frequently in receipt of letters reporting them as personal experiences, and almost always the writers betray a profound dread of publicity. "Please consider this confidential," "I have not dared to tell this to any one before," "If you make any use of this I beg you not to mention my name," "I would not for worlds have my friends know of this, for they would think I was crazy"—phrases like these recur with monotonous regularity. To psychical

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researchers it is a familiar story. There are undoubtedly creative, revelatory, monitory, and premonitory dreams, but people who have them, since they can account for them only on the theory that "ghosts did it," do not care to make the facts public lest they be deemed superstitious or insane.

Yet, if they only knew it, modern science can give a satisfactory explanation for all exceptional dreams on purely naturalistic grounds. Only a short time ago, it must be acknowledged, this could not have been said, but within recent years the development of new methods of experiment and observation and the systematic probing into the nature and possibilities of the human mind carried on alike by psychologists and psychical researchers have opened up vistas of knowledge far transcending those possessed by previous generations. It is no longer necessary to raise the agnostic's plea when confronted by problems like those involved in the dreams here recorded. Science does know, and it is high time that the knowledge of science was made available to those who are not themselves scientists.

Assuming, then, that a given exceptional dream is vitiated neither by errors of memory nor by deliberate falsification, how would science explain it? What are the facts which science has to offer, enabling us to understand, without resort to the supernatural, how we can have dreams in which we arrive at great creative conceptions, solve difficult problems, trace lost articles, obtain information of events occurring at a distance, and even gain glimpses into futurity?

There is, first, the fact that the processes of the mind in sleep closely parallel those of the waking consciousness. As was shown in the essay on the nature of dreams in The Outlook for August 19, we think, we reason, we exercise our imagination, in sleep in very much the same way as when awake. And, whether awake or asleep, much of our mental activity is "subconscious"—in sleep, indeed, it is wholly so. We have the faculty, without conscious, voluntary effort, of drawing on the storehouse of our memory, recalling percepts—sights, sounds, etc.—of our waking life, and utilizing them as the material for a train of thought which, through a dream, provided that we remember it, may be consciously apprehended by us.

There is the further important consideration that, when awake, not only do we do much of our thinking subconsciously, but we also do much of our perceiving in the same way. Every sight and sound of the waking life, whether noticed or unnoticed, makes an impression on our mind, and may be afterwards recalled in memory. This, beyond any question, is one of the most significant of the discoveries of latter-day psychology, and its actuality has been proved time and again by scientific experiment.

It has been found, for example, that when persons are hypnotized they can recall in minute detail incidents of which they never had conscious knowledge, but which demonstrably formed part of their past experiences. The same principle has been otherwise established through experiments with that peculiar method of inducing visual hallucinations known as crystal-gazing. There is in England a lady, Miss Goodrich-Freer, a well-known member of the Society for Psychical Research, who has for years been experimenting in crystal vision, with the result of adding appreciably to scientific knowledge of the workings of the mind. It would be tedious to quote at any length from the records of her experiments, but some quotation may profitably be made, in order to give a clear idea of the marvelous possibilities of subconscious perception. On one occasion she reports:

"I saw in the crystal a pool of blood (as it seemed to me) lying on the pavement at the corner of a terrace close to my door. This suggested nothing to me. Then I remembered that I had passed over that spot in the course of a walk of a few hundred yards home from the circulating library; and that, the street being empty, I had been looking into the books as I walked. Afterwards I found that my boots and the bottom of my dress were stained with red paint, which I must have walked through unobservingly."

And again:

"I saw in the crystal a young girl, an intimate friend, waving to me from her carriage. I observed that her hair, which had hung down her back when I last saw her, was now put up in young-lady fashion. Most certainly I had not consciously seen even the carriage, the look of which I knew very well. But next day I called on my friend; was reproached by her for not having observed her as she passed; and perceived that she had altered her hair in the way which the crystal had shown."

Once somebody suggested to Miss Goodrich-Freer that she look in the crystal with

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the intention of seeing, not pictures, but words. She was immediately rewarded by the sight of what was obviously a newspaper announcement.

"It reported," she states, "the death of a lady at one time a most frequent visitor in my circle, and very intimate with some of my nearest friends; an announcement, therefore, which, had I consciously seen it, would have interested me considerably. I related my vision at breakfast, quoting name, date, place, and an allusion to 'a long period of suffering' borne by the deceased lady, and added that I was sure that I had not heard any report of her illness, or even, for some months, any mention of her likely to suggest such a hallucination. I was, however, aware that I had the day before taken up the first sheet of the 'Times,' but was interrupted before I had consciously read any announcement of death. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, with whom I was staying, immediately sought for the paper, where we discovered the paragraph almost exactly as I had seen it."

Suppose that, instead of getting the information of her friend's death by means of a little picture in a crystal, Miss Goodrich-Freer had had a dream in which the dead friend appeared to her and solemnly said, "I have had a long period of suffering, but it is over now." And suppose that the next day word had been received of the friend's death, Miss Goodrich-Freer meanwhile having completely forgotten that she had glanced at the "Times." Would this not have been on a par with many of the dreams that bring amazement and consternation to their dreamers?

In truth, these two facts, of subconscious mentation and subconscious perception, are of themselves sufficient to account for by far the greater number of dreams that smack of the supernatural. Always, it is to be noted, the dreams of the first of our four classes, the creative dreams, are of a kind appropriate to the waking thoughts and activities of the dreamer. Robert Louis Stevenson, a writer of stories, gets the plots of stories in dream. He does not, like Tartini, get a "Devil's Sonata," nor yet the conception for a valuable innovation in commercial architecture, such as was dreamed by the Pacific Coast architect. The subconscious, after all, is closely linked to the conscious. Whatever chiefly concerns a man's conscious thoughts will be the chief concern of his subconscious thinking, awake or asleep.

The artist will subconsciously think of subjects, colors, combinations; the musician, of themes and harmonies; the mathematician, of mathematical theories and applications. Hence, too, when one's thoughts in sleep turn to the solution of problems rather than the exercise of creative imagination, the problems dealt with will invariably be those that are of greatest interest to the sleeper when awake.

Undoubtedly, though, subconscious perception has a very special influence in many dreams that give the solution of problems. Professor Hilprecht, to return to one of our illustrative cases, had for weeks been striving to solve the riddle of the agate fragments. Consciously he had formulated and rejected many tentative interpretations. All the while, his tireless poring over the problem was adding to the store of his subconscious as well as conscious percepts relating to it. Subconsciously he would be ever approaching closer to the solution which, in his case, was finally attained while he slept, being presented to him, in accordance with the recognized tendency of the sleeping consciousness to dramatize its material, in the form of a weird dream-story.

Precisely the same explanation would apply in the case of the business man to whom was revealed in dream the source of the baffling error in his cash account. So, likewise, in subconscious perception we have an adequate explanation for all dreams in which the hiding-place of some lost article is made known. The young lady in Greeley, so worried by the dream that aided her in recovering her lost check, tells me that after the recovery of the check she remembered that the book in which it was found had been in her room for some hours the day she received her father's letter. What happened, I have no doubt, was that she absent-mindedly slipped the check into the book, and then, so far as her upper consciousness was concerned, forgot all about it. But subconsciously she would remember—as we know from experiments such as those carried on by Miss Goodrich-Freer—and subconsciously would be reminded of it the day before the dream when, in the college library, she happened to see the same book again, without, perchance, any conscious knowledge of seeing it. That night, in sleep, her mind busied itself once more with the problem of the missing check, this time to good purpose.

The application of the same principle to

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the similar cases cited by me need not long detain us. It is only necessary to assume, in the first case, that the English lawyer, without being aware of the fact, saw the check fall out of his pocket while on his way to the mail-box; and, in the second case, that Professor Royce's informant glimpsed her stud as it fell among the leaves, but did not consciously realize that it was her stud that had fallen. In both cases a memory of the incident and its setting would be subconsciously retained. In the case of Elizabeth Conley's dream, which is on the same order, it is altogether probable that Miss Conley had once known, but had forgotten, her father's intention to sew a pocket into his shirt.

Nor need we go beyond subconscious perception to explain premonitory dreams. When it is a dream of disease or death impending for the dreamer, there is always the possibility that, as in my cat-clawing dream cited in a previous article, disease had already so far progressed as to cause organic changes occasioning sensations too slight to be appreciated by the waking consciousness, but sufficient to stimulate the sleeping consciousness to activity. When the dream relates to the illness of some one other than the dreamer, it is safe to assume that, consciously or subconsciously, an inkling of the state of that other person's health had been obtained by the dreamer before the dream.

Take Mrs. Z.'s peculiar dream of the falling coachman. Her own statement shows that the coachman had been quite ill the day before, and was in no condition to undertake a long drive. It is not unreasonable to assume that Mrs. Z. noticed that he was not looking well, and subconsciously asked herself whether he would be fit to take her driving next day, a question which her subconsciousness answered by prefiguring an accident likely to occur under the circumstances.

The element of the marvelous is equally obliterated from such dreams as those of the dead hand and the holes burned in the carpet, when we take into consideration, as we are bound to do, the possibilities of subconscious mental action. Mr. Frederick Greenwood, thinking of the business call he had to make next day, would be reminded of the house he was to visit, and this would readily serve to evoke in his sleeping consciousness a memory of the mummy's hand on the mantelpiece. As to the dream of the holes in the carpet, the probability is that they were burned into the carpet the night before the dream, not the day after it, and that the dreamer saw them, "out of the corner of her eye," as she passed the drawing-room on her way to bed. Otherwise her dream is inexplicable on any hypothesis, even that of "spirit agency." It is preposterous to imagine that "spirits" would trouble themselves with notifying anxious housewives of the imminence of trifling domestic mishaps.

Another and more difficult problem is presented by well-authenticated dreams that involve coincidental action at a distance, although there is reason for believing that many even of these have a very simple explanation. To give a specific instance, the dream of the London business man relating to the alleged suicide of his employee, Mackenzie, was in all likelihood nothing more than the reaction of his sleeping consciousness to the news brought him by his wife when she rushed into the room. He was, as his account indicates, not more than half awake when he heard his wife's statement. Dreams, as we know, come quickly, and in a few seconds a complicated dream-story can present itself to the mind. The business man, in a semi-waking, semi-sleeping state, would subconsciously protest against the accusation that an old and trusted employee, with whose character he was fully acquainted, had taken his own life; and the subconscious protest would instantly frame itself as a dramatic dream.

This might also be said of the Brooklyn lady's dream symbolizing the death of her son-in-law, if only we could be sure that the news of the death was already known to other members of her household, so that she might have overheard them talking about it while taking her bath. Against such a possibility, however, has to be set her positive declaration that the despatch announcing the death was not received until two hours after the dream. Even so, it would not be necessary to introduce a ghostly agency as an explanatory factor. For there is the possibility that the news was conveyed to her mind from the mind of her sorrowing daughter by telepathy, or thought transference. The same process would explain Canon Warburton's dream of the accident to his brother.

But, it may be objected, if subconscious mental action is thus responsible for exceptional dreams, why do we not have them oftener? For just this reason, that, at bottom, they are exceptional with regard to their

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contents rather than their mechanism. Being dreams, they are subject to the laws of dreaming. Like any ordinary dream, they require an initial stimulus, whether internal or external. And when the stimulus is received, and the sleeping consciousness sets to work to interpret it, it may very well happen that some emotional complex is so dominant in the sleeper's mind that the resultant interpretation is of the ordinary, not the exceptional, type. Besides which, dreams are easily forgotten, and there is proof that exceptional dreams are no more likely to be remembered than any others. Even in the cases given in this article a large proportion of the dreamers entirely forgot their dreams until some chance occurrence recalled them to mind. My own belief is that every one of us has, from time to time, exceptional dreams which fail to find remembrance in the waking state.

THE ART OF PREACHING

BY GEORGE HODGES

DEAN OF THE EPISCOPAL THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

AT the end of the Prayer-Book service for the baptism of infants, the minister gives the parents and sponsors some advice as to the proper way of bringing up a child. Among other admirable counsels he says, "Ye are to call upon him to hear sermons." When, at this point, the child breaks out into sobs and cries of protest, the parents and sponsors look at one another and smile sympathetically.

One good Christian claimed, indeed, with some pride, that instead of becoming "uncontrollable and inconsolable" at the hearing of these words, he had been gifted with a special grace for the appreciation of preaching; but he hastened to add that this appreciation extended only to good preaching. Such a measure of baptismal grace is not, I suppose, uncommon. It permits, however, so free an exercise of private judgment that it does not contribute much to the solution of the problem of church attendance. At the same time it raises a question which is of vital interest to all preachers, and to many hearers. What are the qualities which make a sermon good? What are the elements of the art of preaching?

The preacher is often impeded in his endeavor to answer this question by the narrow limits of his own homiletical opportunity. For the most part, he hears nobody preach but himself. It has been my fortune, however, these many years, to hear and read regularly a great number of sermons; always three, and sometimes five or six, a week. These, it is true, are quite young sermons, and are prepared in the course of the process which the students lightly describe as "going over to convert the dean." But I find them highly instructive. Here is the sermon in the making: first the plan, then the tentative manuscript, then the public delivery, then the criticism of the congregation. For one difference between the sermon in the pulpit of the school and in the pulpit of the church is that the hearers of the school sermon are called upon, man by man, for their frank opinion. The hearers of the church sermon are often very patient and almost always very polite, and, unless their opinion is favorable, they will not express it to the preacher. These young preachers will never again be in a position to know so immediately and honestly what any of their hearers think about the sermon until they are happily married.

These outspoken criticisms and the necessity of the instructor to comment upon in them, and to contribute his own criticism in his turn, compel a consideration of the whole matter of preaching. One comes thus into clear perception of a wide range of homiletical virtues and vices. Printed sermons do not convey so varied or valuable a lesson. One might suppose, without much reflection, that the art of preaching might be studied to the best advantage in the works of the masters. Here, for example, are the ten volumes which contain the printed sermons of Phillips Brooks.[1] Here are order and insight and earnestness and eloquence, and most of the other effective qualities of preaching. Here

[1] Phillips Brooks's Sermons. Ten volumes. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York.

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is the selected work of a man who attracted great congregations and made an uncommon appeal to the intelligence, the emotion, and the will of his hearers. But the trouble with these printed sermons is that they are all good. Most of them were selected by the preacher out of a considerable number of lesser sermons, on the ground of excellence. They confront the perplexed parson as the paintings of Raphael confront the ordinary artist. He knows that he can never accomplish work like that. He wonders if any of the sermons which were set aside in making this selection were dull sermons, disappointing to the congregation and depressing to the preacher.

For a dull sermon is mighty encouraging to a clerical auditor. He is assured thereby that the good preaching of even the best preachers is not so easy as it seems, but is dependent upon the theme and the occasion and the conditions of preparation, like his own. He remembers that when Savonarola preached outside Florence, the congregation complained of the mildness and insipidity of his discourses, and said that he was a ladies' preacher. Often he discovers, on his way home from church, that the sermon which seemed to him a series of platitudes was profoundly helpful to unprofessional hearers. And he reflects that if he were to repeat to his own congregation the most eloquent utterances of Chrysostom, of Bernard, of Wesley, or of Brooks himself, the congregation would not endure it. They would prefer his own honest imperfection to the supreme excellences of the masters. Thus he perceives that the sermon is only a detail in the mysterious art of preaching.

The truth is that the art of preaching is like the art of growing. Nobody can make a tree with a saw and a hammer and a box of nails. The tree must grow by its own inscrutable processes. So must the sermon. Nobody by taking thought can add a cubit unto his stature, and no taking of thought can transform a small preacher into a great one. Nevertheless a small man may considerably improve his personal appearance by taking exercise, by giving heed to the proprieties of dress, and by standing up straight. He may thus be more than the equal of a taller man who is round-shouldered. This is the chief value of instruction in homiletics. The purpose of such instruction is to assist men to make the most of their natural selves. Any man by taking thought can make the congregation definitely aware of the subject of his sermon; he can divide his discourse into unmistakable divisions; and he can apply the lessons of it to the needs of his hearers. Also he can preach in a natural and understandable voice. The least man can be trained to do these things, as he can be trained to stand erect.

The purpose of preaching is to persuade the people. The end of the sermon is either truth or action. The right intention is to teach a certain truth, or phase of truth, by which the hearers shall be spiritually enlightened, comforted, directed, or strengthened; or to lead them to say, as John the Baptist's hearers said, "What shall we do, then?" and to provide them with a working answer to that question. When St. Bernard wrote on the wall over his desk, "*Ad quid venisti, Bernarde?*" he was endeavoring thereby to keep this essential matter plain before him in the composition of his sermons. What are you here for, Bernard? What are you here for, Peter or Andrew or James or John? Seated now at your table, with a Bible on one side and an ink-bottle on the other, and a pile of blank paper laid between, what are you trying to do? What is the actual result which you desire to effect in the mind or in the will of your people? One of the curious facts about the writing of sermons is that, of all men engaged in the process of literary composition, the preacher is almost the only one who commonly begins without setting down his subject at the top of his paper. This is one reason why the congregation is so often at a loss to know what the subject really is. The teacher of homiletics who follows the preaching of a sermon by distributing blank cards in the class, and asking each hearer to say what, in his judgment, the sermon was about, will sometimes get a large variety of very diverse statements. A like inquiry in many congregations would yield both amusing and amazing results.

But even more important than the subject is the object. The hearers of Cicero knew very well the subject of his oration when they said, "How eloquent!" But the hearers of Demosthenes cried, "Up, let us march against Philip!" A part of the art of effective preaching—as, indeed, of all effective speech—is contained in what is called in the dialect of football the "attack." Any man will get attention who is intent on making his words accomplish definite results. It is true that the rules of the game deprive him of the

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advantage of the attack unless he gains a certain number of homiletical yards in each paragraph. But so long as he does that, so long as he has an evident object and is making continuous progress toward it, he will carry the attention of the congregation with him. President Tucker accounts for the failure of some able sermons on the ground that the preacher was more interested in the truth than he was in the people. The preacher had a definite subject, and discussed it with much learning, but he paid no heed to his object. His proper object was to bring the Gospel to his congregation, to teach them truth in its relation to their minds and lives. Neglecting this, he might as well have preached in Greek. Phillips Brooks, in his sermons, is all the time beginning paragraphs with the formula, "Here is a man" under such and such conditions, exposed to such and such temptations, needing the lesson which has just been expounded. St. Paul, in his epistles, does the same. Thus the truth is kept in vital contact with the people; the subject is for the sake of the object.

In order to have good preaching, both preacher and people must be present.

Sometimes the preacher absents himself from the people. Busily engaged in reading his manuscript, or looking over the heads of the congregation at a distant wall, he speaks as if he were alone in the church. This accounts for a singular ignorance which is sometimes found in parsons. The preacher is often the only person in the parish who does not know that his sermons weary the people. Out goes the sermon from the Jerusalem of the pulpit to the Jericho of the pews, and falls among thieves—the brigands of restlessness and distraction and somnolence—and of this mishap the preacher is quite unaware. He thinks that the road is safe and smooth, and that his goods get to their destination. It is true that he receives no returns from Jericho, but this does not seriously trouble him, having little acquaintance with the ways of business. If he would once really look at the people, and see what they do when he says, "And now, brethren, a few words in conclusion," he would enter into a disconcerting but instructive experience. He would learn the moral of the story of the sexton who slipped under the pulpit lamp a paper on which was written, "When you are through the sermon, please put out the lights and lock the church."

This absence of the preacher from the people may be effected by the remoteness not only of his eyes but of his voice. The sermon is pronounced in our presence, but it does not appear to be addressed particularly to us. It is like a badly written letter, blurred and confused and hard to read, whose author seems not to have taken into account the convenience of his correspondent. We try for a little while to make out what the preacher says, but the sentences are like the boys who dive for pennies in the Bay of Naples; down they go out of sight and hearing, to come up presently and repeat the same performance. We watch the preacher dive for periods, but after the first few paragraphs we satisfy ourselves that he will always swing his arms in the same way, dive in the same place, and come up safely, and we invite ourselves to the more attractive exhibition of our own mental processes.

Or the preacher's manner is that which is described as a stained-glass-window tone of voice; meaning that if the green and blue and crimson saints could talk they would probably express themselves that way. Of course the layman who never speaks in public is not aware that naturalness under that condition is one of the most difficult and elusive of the qualities of the orator; it is painfully acquired by long experience. At the same time, he has a right to ask in the spirit of serious grievance, Why does this man address me in this eccentric and ridiculous manner? Why does he speak in a way which in my house would be grotesque? He is presumably endeavoring to bring religion close to life; why, then, does he discuss it in a voice which is never heard in any other company of sane people? The sermon, as Mark Twain said of classical music, is really a great deal better than it sounds; but it seems unnecessary to put so wide a separation between the sound and the sense.

Still more serious than the absence of the preacher is the absence of the people from the preacher, not in body but in spirit. This may be without blame to the preacher.

There are persons in most congregations who are honestly uninterested in religion. They belong, of course, to the defective classes, like a blind man in a gallery of pictures; but there they are. They are like the men who are taken to concerts by their wives. Their inattention and drowsiness are related to the sermon as they are related to the symphony. It is true that sleep is criticism, but in this case it indicates only the limitations of the sleepers.

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Also there are persons who are affected by the physical conditions. They are put to sleep not by the sermon but by the sexton. A sexton who is in secret league with Satan, as many sextons are, can spoil the best sermons that were ever preached faster than the best preachers can preach them. The air is drowsy, the temperature acts as an opiate, and people sleep in spite of themselves. The young man who fell asleep while St. Paul preached at Troas had the advantage of sitting in an open window, but the room was crowded and the hour was late, and we are told that there were many lights. These had a hypnotic effect upon him, and St. Paul himself could not keep him awake. Moody had to send ushers to open the windows, that the fresh air might arouse the congregation. Men slept while Spurgeon preached. I remember one warm summer Sunday in the Abbey, when Bishop Gore was in the pulpit, and the people slept by hundreds and by fifties. One time I saw seventeen bishops asleep in the chancel during the reading of a pastoral letter at the close of a long convention.

When the preacher is evidently to blame, and the people are absent in mind and spirit —and sometimes in body also—by his fault, the trouble is probably in the structure or in the substance of the sermon.

For one of the specifications of the art of preaching calls for definite construction. The sermon must begin, and proceed, and end. There is a homiletical suggestion in the fact that what we, on our railways, call "switches," in England they call "points." The good sermon makes its way by points. Here the preacher turns the thought of the people in a new direction, and by a series of such changes brings them steadily to the place where he would have them be. An indistinct transition is like an open switch: the parlor car and the day coaches are piled up in confusion. Somehow the engine goes on, but the train is left behind. The sermon proceeds as if nothing had happened, but the congregation does not follow.

The length of a sermon is not fairly measured by the hands of the clock. It is long only when it seems long, and it always seems long when it appears to make no progress. Monotony, conventionality, indefiniteness, provoke the most pious hearer to impatience. We are so made as to be restless and tired and dissatisfied when there is nothing doing, even on Sunday. The undivided sermon, which seems to have no points, and makes no progress, settles down upon our spirits like a damp fog; the other side of the road seems a mile off. The preacher is in error who imagines that he can make his sermon immortal by making it everlasting.

On the other hand, any plain sermon, whose theme is immediately evident, and which is made, by argument after argument and illustration after illustration, to prove its proposition, and which, when the proposition is proved and applied, stops, is a good sermon. We understand it while it is being preached and remember it afterwards. The preacher had something to say, and he said it like a man who knows the value both of truth and of time.

The supreme canons of the art of preaching concern not the structure but the substance of the sermon. The preacher may set at naught all the accepted standards of his profession—he may never lift his eyes from his manuscript, like Newman; he may preach with the speed of the wind, like Brooks—and yet accomplish his great purpose. For the elements of preaching, as Brooks himself said, are truth and personality. Sometimes the man succeeds, in spite of serious defects, in face of hindering eccentricities of voice or manner, by the overmastering force of his personality. The man is the heart of the sermon. His strong conviction, his profound earnestness, his deep sense of the importance of his message, his great desire to do us good, are better than all the conventional excellences of the schools. When the Lord said of the casting out of evil spirits, "This kind cometh not forth but by prayer," he taught the preacher that his strength against the spirits of inattention and of indifference and of irreligion is in the sanctification of his own soul. This is why many thoughtful persons deplore the increasing occupation of the minister in the activities of the parish life. They fear that he is thus imperiling that sense of the values and proportions of things, that clear perception of the difference between right and wrong when wrong looks right, that consciousness of the unseen, that recognition of the presence of God, which constitute his unique service to the community. They want him to have time to say his prayers in peace.

The calling of the preacher is to minister to the souls of the people. The truth with which he is particularly concerned, and for which we look to him, is religious truth. His business is with religion. As the pur-

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pose of the physician is to secure health, and the purpose of the lawyer is to secure justice, and the purpose of the merchant is to extend his business, his purpose is to exalt religion. There are plenty of people who can instruct us in current politics, in science, in literature, in philosophy, even in ethics. We look to the preacher for religion. Every page of his sermon which is not devoted to his specialty is a disappointment to the people. What we wish him to do is to take his splendid, divine panacea and apply it to our needs. We are tempted every day, and we need admonition and strength. We are in the midst of opportunities of effective service, and we need suggestion and direction. We are distressed with doubts, and we need to be taught; we need truth positively stated, commended to our reason, reconciled with our experience, appealing to our honest conviction. We are in trouble, confronting the disappointment, the pain, the foreboding, the tragedy of life, and we need light and understanding and comfort and courage. We need the interpretation, the illumination, of religion. Whoever, in any measure or in any manner, meets these needs, is a master of the art of preaching.

THE SPECTATOR

THE Spectator was brought up on Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and knows yards of it by heart. It made a deep impression on his youthful imagination. Therefore, when he found that there was a real, genuine American article of a Deserted Village lying within walking distance of the famous fishing port of Gloucester, on the moors of Cape Ann, the opportunity to explore it was eagerly seized. The time to explore a deserted village is in summer; winter is too bleak and shivery and takes the romance out of it. So it was on a glorious sunny, breezy summer day that the Spectator and several others started for a moorland tramp to Dogtown.

For there is no denying it—the Deserted Village is named Dogtown. Some say that it is because there were so many widows in the village in its later and forlorner days, who kept dogs as their only protectors. But the names of all the rest of the moorland region are so quaint and delightful—The Parting Path, Stacy's Pines, Peter's Pulpit, Alewife Brook, Lamb's Ledge, Railcut Hill, and Whale's Jaw, for example—that to have missed a really characteristic name for the best thing of all is very aggravating. Imagine a Goldsmith writing about Dogtown, instead of "Sweet Auburn"! The name puts a stopper on the emotions at once.

Yet there is food for emotion in the Deserted Village. The very first spot in it, on Fox Hill, after one crosses tiny, brawling, brown-tinted Alewife Brook, is Tammy Younger's cellar. Now Tammy Younger (short for Thomasine) was a witch, and so was her aunt Luce George. As the Spectator stood on the brink of the ruined cellar, filled thick with ruddy sumac, which is all that remains of the domicile of "the Queen of the Witches," he could see the bridge over the brook, where the laden oxen used to be halted by her black art, with their tongues hanging helplessly out of their mouths, until their owners ran up the hill and brought tribute from the loads. Luce George had the unique power of bewitching a load of wood so that it would not stay on the cart unless a portion was duly unloaded at the door. "Buccaneers and lawless men used to come here," said the antiquary, "and have their fortunes told by Tammy or play cards. In this very cellar, a friend of mine, chasing a woodchuck to earth, dug up a handsomely ornamented snuff-box, the cover bearing a representation of a full-rigged old-time ship. Money has also been dug up in the cellar. But when Tammy was alive—she died in 1829—no one dared to go near the house unless invited by her. One boy, tradition says, once tried to steal a pumpkin from Tammy. It was one of a pile that lay sunning against the house. He crept up and cautiously took one fine pumpkin—when, lo! the whole pile began to follow, and coasted down the hill all the way to the creek. Tammy's window flew open, and, fixing the frightened pilferer with her eye, she ordered him to bring her pumpkins back again instanter. Up and down the hill, like the bewitched drudge in the fairy tales, labored the unhappy boy, carrying pumpkins all afternoon, until they were safely piled up once more—and never, never did any one try to touch Tammy's possessions again!"

The road wound up over the moorland, steeper and steeper, a mere trail among the boulders soon. This high tableland looks as if it might be the place where, as Holmes describes it, the giants threw the pudding at each other, and the lumps remain to tell the tale. It is a wilderness

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of boulders, fern, barberry, bayberry, blackberry, sumac, and goldenrod, with glimpses of blue sea now on this side, now on that; for this is the "height of land," the backbone of the rugged, irregular peninsula of Cape Ann. Once the highroad ran across the moorland height from Gloucester to 'Squam and Pigeon Cove. Then the Village flourished. It was built on the Commons—the last of the common land of Gloucester—and its inhabitants belonged to the First Parish, whose meeting-house was on the Green in Riverdale, plainly visible below to these moorland dwellers. But the new road came—the short, level road, with its convenient bridges, linking Gloucester and 'Squam more easily and quickly. The First Parish divided, and all its more important members gathered in Gloucester, with a far more imposing church building. The Village on the Commons was relegated to the "back road," and soon to no road at all, especially in winter. The French and Indian War and the Revolution carried off some of its best men, and never sent them back. Gradually the settlement became "Dogtown," and then struggled on in a few pathetic survivors, until no one dwelt in the tumble-down old houses. The cattle were pastured there, and the moor left to desolation. Some of the better houses were moved nearer to the new road, some utilized as pig-pens. To-day all the transition and the decay of the place are peacefully over, and the tang of the sea brine in the breeze and the spicy smell of the moorland mingle their perfumes pleasantly above the Deserted Village upon the gray, boulder-strewn plain.

Here once dwelt men of war as well as witches. Peter Lurvey, the Revolutionary patriot, is represented by a cellar, with a lilac and a gooseberry-bush near it, up on Beech Pasture, looking over Annisquam and Ipswich Bay. Peter was out huckleberrying with his wife on Pearce's Island one August day in 1775, when the alarm was given that the British ship Falcon (which had helped in the shelling of Bunker Hill) had chased an American schooner into Gloucester Harbor, and had run aground on the flats near Five Pound Island. Peter Lurvey, at the sounding of the alarm, bade his wife good-by, rowed hurriedly over to the shore, ran up to his house in the Village, grabbed up his gun, and sped across the moor and down to the harbor. The British were trying to board the schooner, and had also landed men to fire the town of Gloucester. But the British Lion landed in a hornet's nest. The firing party were made prisoners and the boarding party repulsed and captured, all in short order. Peter Lurvey was in the forefront of the fighting. He was killed and his body never recovered. His widow lived up in the Village, and attained the good old age of one hundred and four years, dying only a little time before Tammy Younger. Her daughter married Captain Morgan Stanwood, who lived farther down the road, and of whom the poet truly wrote:

> "Morgan Stanwood, patriot,
> Little more is known;
> Nothing of his home is left
> But the doorstep stone."

In fact, the Spectator can testify that a diligent search failed to reveal even that until the antiquary came to the rescue, drove away some recumbent cows who were enjoying the air and the view, and proudly exhibited the lichened relic, explaining at the same time that it was probably Joseph Clark's doorstone, anyway.

Captain Stanwood needed a house badly, however, and must have had one, for in his later years, after many foreign voyages, he became persuaded that he was made of glass—at least that his legs were—and that he could not move without grave danger of breakage. This was felt to be the more unfortunate by the rest of the Village because he had always acted as amateur dentist for his neighbors, and had even had the courage—no one else would have ventured it—to pull two of Tammy Younger's teeth. Near him in the "Castle" lived Aunt Rachel Smith (whose cellar the Spectator can vouch for), who used to make in the spring of the year what was known as a "dire-drink," brewed from foxberry leaves, spruce tops, and other botanical luxuries. "Aunt Rachel, in her later years, after her son died and left her to poverty, used to peddle this compound in the Village," said the antiquary. "When she came into a house her salutation was, 'Now, ducky, I've come down to bring a dire-drink, for I know you feel springish.'"

One slave lived in Dogtown—"Old Ruth." She added to her picturesqueness by being also its only "new woman," for she wore men's clothing and liked to build stone walls. Not even the antiquary knows to whom she belonged, but she did a man's work, and was often called John Woodman. In the end she came to the poorhouse, where she was forcibly put into skirts; alas, poor Ruth! The Spectator picked out several stone walls which he liked to think that she built, especially the one where the old cow died. This misguided animal wandered into the Deserted Village and inserted itself into a large split ledge which is utilized as part of a stone wall. Once in, no power of its own or of its owner's could ever get it out again; but in its death its story became immortal. Farther on lived Sammy Stanley, the very opposite of Ruth. He was brought up by his grandmother to do housework, and when he grew up he went about with a handkerchief tied over his head and a woman's apron tied round him, and preferred women's work to

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men's. After his grandmother died he took in washing and laid up quite a little money. Also he was the sweet singer of Dogtown, as shown by his song, beloved of the antiquary, and beginning:

"When the beech pasture's covered with snow
I think 'tis winter fairly."

On and on the trail wound, past now one ruined foundation and then another. Here lived Isaac Dade, who fought at Yorktown and saw the surrender of Cornwallis, and whose broken well, full of stones, was once the best in the Village. Here are the remains of the watch-house, where the men who kept Colonel Pearce's sheep sheltered themselves, watching for the British, who came more than once on marauding expeditions and carried off their bleating prey. Here Granny Day's Swamp marks the site of the school-house where she taught the Village children. Here Molly Jacobs lived, and left buried treasure in her cellar, the neighbors said; but no digging ever revealed it, though one man dug perseveringly until the day when he went to the poorhouse. Sixty cellars still remain recognizable, and the antiquary knows them all, but on this occasion time could be spared for only the more interesting ones. As an irreverent young member of the party remarked, "Well, we saw the eleven best cellars, anyway!" On to the Parting Path ran the trail, and then by the splendid split boulder of the Whale's Jaw, and off through the ferny woods, past swamps where the cardinal flower gleamed and under cathedral aisles of pine, down to clearings and roads and the mill-race at Annisquam. "A girdle of green woods and another girdle of blue sea" are drawn around the high inner moorland and the Deserted Village that sleeps on its breast; and so it remains in the Spectator's memory, lying in sunny quiet above the busy fishing folk and summer boarders of to-day on Cape Ann.

THE NEW BOOKS

Franz Liszt. By James Huneker. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

Whether one likes him as a musician or man, or not, there is no denying that Franz Liszt, whose centenary has been celebrated this fall, exerted, and still exerts, a powerful influence upon musicians and their art. That his influence was in some directions bad, that he helped to establish unbalanced art ideals by his wonderful gifts for emotional excess, that he lured composers away from restraint by the power of his personal charm and by his generosity, lovers of the real art of music will some day see. Such a man, however, has to be reckoned with. James Huneker has written a small book about Liszt which not only tells in breezy fashion the story of his life, but also sketches his character. As one sees that character whole it is not quite so charming as it seemed to the coterie that surrounded and worshiped him. After reading this book the healthy-minded reader feels a new respect for Brahms, who while Liszt was playing one of his own compositions in his own house fell asleep.

Individualization of Punishment (The). By Raymond Saleilles. Translated by Rachel Szold Jastrow. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $4.50.

It is often said with a show of learning that all that judges do is to apply the laws and the Constitutions, State and Federal, as they find them; and that they have nothing to do with social theories. To people who believe that, we commend the Introduction to the English version of Raymond Saleilles's work. This Introduction is written by Roscoe Pound, Professor of Law in Harvard University. Of course this Introduction, like the book itself, is concerned with but one aspect of the matter—that of criminal procedure. Briefly, the book is a study of punishment from the primitive idea of making it fit the crime to the modern and enlightened idea of making it fit the offender. It is an important work—one that ought to be known to legislators and to judges. It is published as one of the modern "Criminal Science Series," under the auspices of the American Institute of Criminal Law and Criminology.

Problems in Railway Regulation. By Henry S. Haines. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

A former railway manager, a civil and mechanical engineer, Commissioner of the Southern States Freight Association, and an author of several volumes on the larger affairs of the railways, Mr. Henry S. Haines is especially competent to write of problems in railway regulation. Though his point of view is that of a railway manager, it includes within its survey the public interest. There are some statements to which we should take exception. For instance, in reference to the Inter-State Commerce Bill which was finally molded into law by Congress last year, Mr. Haines says: "Instead of being considered upon its merits as affecting an important public service, its discussion was made the occasion for a trial of strength in a factional contest among the Republican members." We should take exception not only to the grammat-

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ical form of that sentence, but to its substance. Nevertheless, the book is a useful contribution to the history of rate regulation in this country.

Their Majesties as I Knew Them. By Xavier Paoli. Translated into English by Teixeira de Mattos. Illustrated. Sturgis & Walton Company, New York. $2.50.

The journeys of kings are always more or less perilous, and impose duties on the special police which those gentlemen find extremely onerous. This is a book of royal adventures into foreign countries under the special protection of M. Paoli, who was a kind of sublime courier to traveling potentates, beginning with a journey of Queen Victoria to France, and ending with the expedition of the King of Cambodia to France three years ago. The King of Cambodia was a yellow, dry, sinewy man, who wore gray hair, was dressed in a costume midway between a cyclist's knickerbockers and a woman's petticoat, and who on the steamer forbade the members of his suite to be seasick, saying, "Those are my orders; am I King, or am I not?" Their failure to obey, owing to causes which he could not control, is reported by M. Paoli to have made him exceptionally polite. This interesting monarch was accompanied by three of his Ministers, four of his sons, his daughter, and twenty dancing girls. The narrator of these tales and the painter of these portraits of contemporary royalty is a descendant of the fiery General Paoli. He was born in Corsica, and has guided, waited upon, and protected nearly every reigning sovereign at some point in his career. Readers of serious books need not pay any attention to this volume, which is made up of a group of entertaining magazine articles; but those who love to associate with the exalted will find the chapters interesting.

Peggy Stewart. By Gabrielle E. Jackson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.25.

Peggy Stewart was a little phenomenon of fourteen years who managed a large horse-breeding farm while her father was away attending to his duties in the navy. Quite alone, except for colored servants, the child grew up, taught by a clergyman of gentle nature who wore "the clerical garb of the Church of England." How Peggy studied as a "co-ed" in Annapolis and mastered navigation must be learned from the author of the ofttimes merry story.

Brownings (The): Their Life and Art. By Lilian Whiting. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $2.50.

The author of this work is known as a writer of sentiment and imagination. She has visited, probably has lived in, Italy, and has carefully studied all the Browning material available, besides having personal acquaintance with Robert Barrett Browning, whose name appears in the dedication and very frequently upon the pages. The actual letters of the Brownings, and much of the incidental matter collected by the author, are of undying interest. As to the need of this especial book there is a question, for, with the exception of some new correspondence and portraits, the value of the work is not pre-eminent. Perhaps few biographers of Robert Browning could write in a style more in contrast to his own, made doubly noticeable because of the mass of quotations. While the author occasionally shows a slight lack of sympathy with Mrs. Browning, she accompanies her to the farthest length in appreciation of the poet's son. The writings of Dr. Hiram Corson are drawn upon to great advantage, and Robert Browning's friendship with Mrs. Arthur Bronson and her daughter adds a bit of lovely color to the picture.

Recollections Grave and Gay. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

The facile pen and cultivated mind of Mrs. Burton Harrison have given us an interesting series of "Recollections Grave and Gay." A Cary of Virginia, related to most of the well-known Southern families before the war, Mrs. Harrison spent her girlhood in the midst of the horrors of war. Her whole family was given up to the service of the Confederacy, and she married, a little later, Burton Harrison, Secretary to Jefferson Davis. She is able to recall those awful experiences of sorrow, deprivation, and bereavement in a spirit purged from bitterness, and we must respect her self-control, while we differ with many of the positions taken in the South of that period. She tries to show both sides of the cloud, and its silver lining often peeps out. Many touching incidents, many important historical events, and much clever social life are portrayed by this finished writer. The Southern women, such as Mrs. Pryor and Mrs. Burton Harrison, with others, have done much to bring vivid pictures of their girlhood to our minds, while the Northern women, less fluent in expression, are more apt to carry their love of country and pain of memories in their hearts.

Third Miss Wenderby (The). By Mabel Barnes-Grundy. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $1.25.

The third Miss Wenderby had undeniable charms. The story of her development, in casual ways, apart from schools, is very engagingly told by the author. Diana would be denominated in England a pickle, but she never lacked friends or true lovers. Perhaps the moral of the tale is that training in conventional lines is not of much use, anyway. If a girl has character, she comes out all right in the end.

Story of Coventry (The). By Mary Dormer Harris. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.75.

When a series of little books reaches in number over a score of volumes, the *prima facie* evidence is pretty strong that the series is useful and well edited. This is the case with "The Mediæval Towns Series." Coventry has many more important points of interest than that

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which makes its name most familiar. In telling the story of Godiva in four or five pages out of three hundred and fifty the author has not really dealt with it disproportionately. The old monasteries, the ancient churches of the three spires, the Coventry crafts, the associations of the town with the wars of the Red and White Roses, the daily mediæval life of the citizens of the place—these are a very few of the points of interest touched on. The treatment is intelligent, clear, popular.

Life of Charles Dickens (The). By John Forster. Collected, Arranged, and Annotated by B. W. Matz. In 2 vols. The Baker & Taylor Company, New York. $7.

There are half a dozen or so works of biography which are now classics and will live so long as the memory of the men described exists. Not even Lockhart's "Life of Walter Scott" is more definitely fixed in this class than Forster's "Life of Dickens." The edition just published is an almost ideal work for the library of every Dickens lover, and indeed of every lover of wholesome fun and cheerful narrative. Its publication at the time of the Dickens Centenary is really one of the greatest tributes that could be paid to the memory of Dickens. As the editor says in his Introduction, Forster was for thirty years Dickens's confidential friend, companion, and adviser. He was an irascible man, but happily had a fine sense of humor. This biography, therefore, is not only authoritative but immensely entertaining. The illustration is really extraordinary, in that it reproduces from pictures painted by some fifty famous English artists the portraits of scores of famous and interesting people of the Victorian era in England and America, while photographs owned by the Dickens family have been loaned without stint to add to the value of the book. Facsimiles of thirty-six manuscripts, cover designs for fifteen of the serial issues of Dickens, and all sorts of views of places in town and country associated either with the life or with the writings of Dickens help to make this edition memorable and unsurpassable.

Danger Zone of Europe (The). By H. Charles Woods. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $3.50.

As may be suspected, "The Danger Zone of Europe" means Europe as affected by the Turk. The author has not only traveled in all the countries of the Balkan Peninsula, in the island of Crete, and in Asia Minor, but, what is of special importance, he has visited many little-known districts of those countries, and hence his view-point is all the more interesting and authoritative. The author's particular aim in writing this volume seems to have been to discuss the problems which have arisen as results of the Young Turk revolution of 1908, and in the discussions there is much information and suggestion to the general reader. We would, however, call attention to two other interesting features of the book, that are of moment to the student of current events—the chapter devoted to the Turkish army, despite its unnecessary detail for the ordinary reader, and the account of the Armenian massacres in the vilayet of Adana in Asia Minor.

Treasure Island. By Robert Louis Balfour Stevenson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

Most of us have been buried at one time or another in the depths of "Treasure Island." There have been nearly as many new editions of Stevenson's famous story as there were doubloons in the treasure cave, but the one before us is the best of them all. The typography is good, but the pictures by N. C. Wyeth are the thing; bold, full of color and action, they catch the real spirit of the narrative and swing along with it; they carry you completely away to the world of "schooners, islands and maroons, and buccaneers and buried gold." Here is Jim Hawkins saying good-by to his mother. Here he is again in the galley with Long John Silver, while "Captain Flint," the parrot, calls out, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" There stands Billy Bones on the cliffs with his brass telescope; and old Dick Pew is there tapping on the street and calling for his comrades; and Captain Smollett defying the mutineers and running up the colors; and at last the treasure cave! When you get into the spirit of these pictures it doesn't take much imagination to hear the "sea-dogs" piping up, "Fifteen men on a dead man's chest—Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum." Surely you will enjoy "Treasure Island" more than ever before when you have this edition.

George Inness: The Man and His Art. By Elliott Daingerfield. $10. F. F. Sherman, New York City.

Mr. Elliott Daingerfield's "Appreciation of George Inness" is not a biography. But it has the intimate touch which, whenever possible, should distinguish biography. Mr. Cortissoz's recent appreciation of John La Farge—the appreciation of a notable man by an intimate friend—is an example of the satisfying quality which a first-hand touch always gives. As one turns page after page of the Cortissoz book, and as one turns page after page of the present volume—also an appreciation of a notable man by an intimate friend—there steals over one the restful feeling that here, anyway, are no second-hand narrations or deductions, no matter how brilliant. But Mr. Daingerfield, like Mr. Cortissoz, has given us more than an estimate of an individual man; he has published in this volume a monograph of value to the student of art. Of course it illustrates Inness's theories, principles, ideas of art, just as it exhibits Inness's mental habits, attitudes, craft. And all this is pre-eminently in place if we believe, with Mr. Daingerfield, that Inness's gift was more nearly genius than that of any other of our painters. Fortunately the various periods of the development of Inness may be easily studied.

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Let us take, for instance, his "Delaware Valley," in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City, a subject giving opportunity for the expression of the aerial perspective in which he delighted. This canvas is of special note in defining Inness's earlier career. As Mr. Daingerfield points out, valley, mountain, and sky fall into their true places, and each is properly enveloped in its just quantity of atmosphere, not so much by great masses of form and color, as in the later Inness work, but by the patient adjustment of every value, small and great, until the canvas stands before us a unit. "Labored," "over-elaborated," critics may call it, but it is a precious canvas, both in the evolution of Inness and in the evolution of painting itself. The later and intenser Inness was of a rather different sort. Perhaps he never wanted to be a fine technician, a virtuoso performer. Certain it is that, as the years went by, he became less and less an analyst, more and more a synthesist. As expressing this later period, there is, for instance, the picture called "Threatening." There is a mystic charm in its color waves. The present volume, exquisitely printed and illustrated, fills a lack which has long existed, but especially since 1894, the date of the death of George Inness.

Garibaldi and the Making of Italy. By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. $2.25.

We doubt whether there is any period equally brief in history, either ancient or modern, more romantic and more instructive than the twelve years which, under the leadership of four great men, Mazzini, Garibaldi, Cavour, and Victor Emmanuel, made out of divided and subjugated peoples a united Italy. In writing the history of this period George Macaulay Trevelyan has written an epic in prose. He has the equipment in careful scholarship and in historical imagination. He shares the enthusiasm of his characters without losing the ability to see and chronicle their mistakes and their moral shortcomings. To say of these histories that they are as interesting as a novel is to give them scant praise. Rarely does one come upon a romantic novel as interesting. They are as vivid as Tolstoy's "Peace and War," and have the advantage of being sober historical truth. The last of the three volumes, just published, takes up the history after the capture of Palermo and brings it down to the meeting of Garibaldi and Victor Emmanuel in Naples. It is instructive as well as romantic. It illustrates and reinforces the saying attributed by General Kuropatkin to Napoleon I, that three-fourths of an army's success in war is due to the moral character of its soldiers. It illustrates, too, the saying of Hegel, that history is nothing less than the working out by God of his designs, and Matthew Arnold's phrase, a "power not ourselves that makes for righteousness." For it is clear, or should be, to any open-minded reader that Mazzini the radical reformer, Garibaldi the audacious soldier, Cavour the crafty and cautious diplomat, and Victor Emmanuel the patriotic if ambitious king, worked together for a common end in spite of themselves, at least in spite of differences in temperament which made candid and conscious co-operation often impossible; and were even aided by the unconscious co-operation of the King of Naples and his fatuous counselors.

Making Both Ends Meet. By Sue Ainslie Clark and Edith Wyatt. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.50.

The National Consumers' League, three years ago, finding very little accurate information available in regard to the actual minimum wage, instituted an inquiry, which began under Mrs. Sue Ainslie Clark and was continued by Edith Wyatt. As Miss Wyatt says, these records are not exhaustive trade studies of the several trades investigated, but rather an accurate kinetoscope view of the yearly lives of chance passing workers in those trades. Intelligent students of industrial questions are devoting themselves to the problem of the elimination of waste in every factor, human energy, equipment, and machine power, and the general conservation of all forces, with the most economic use of materials. After displaying a mass of details, the authors of this book offer in the last chapter a tentative plan for improvement, very wisely describing it as an open door which may lead to greater light. The book is for workers and students, but it is well worth the study of every one who wishes to be informed regarding our growing industrial problems.

Leading Facts of New Mexican History. By Ralph Emerson Twitchell. The Torch Press, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

This book represents a really noteworthy bit of scholarly research and investigation by the Vice-President of the New Mexico Historical Society. It is in very high degree creditable to the new State that it should have in it a citizen able and willing to add to the sum of productive scholarship of our country as Mr. Twitchell has added. Too often historical societies amount to little more than gatherings of rather inefficient antiquarians, and the New Mexico Historical Society is to be congratulated on having such a Vice-President. It is essential for the correct appreciation of Mexican history that books of this kind shall be written, yet outsiders are, as a rule, curiously indifferent to the extraordinary amount of work they entail, and also to the heavy financial sacrifices. Too often literary work is paid in inverse proportion to its value, and a really good history of this kind usually brings but poor financial returns to the writer. Mr. Twitchell has made an exhaustive study of all the original sources, and he has had the advantage of a long residence in the country with

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which he deals. The enormous amount of material which he has gone over has been thoroughly digested, and in accuracy and interest the result is most heartily to be commended. Mr. Twitchell must have devoted a considerable part of a lifetime to gathering the material for this history, and the result is a work of high scholarly value which no serious library in the United States can afford to be without.

Inheritance of Acquired Characters (The). By Eugenio Rignano. Translated by Basil C. H. Harvey. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago. $3.

The author assures his readers that "he was always convinced that non-inheritance was irreconcilable with the fundamental biogenetic law that ontogeny is only a recapitulation of phylogeny." Most people would not try to controvert this statement—or read this volume. The questions this volume discusses are of the gravest consequence, not only to abstract scientists, but ultimately to us all, and upon the answers to them will depend to a very large degree the future of the race; but the style of this book limits it to the biologist, or at most to the laymen to whom modern biology is a somewhat familiar acquaintance. There is no doubt that there are a great number of scientists who hold that acquired characteristics can be inherited. This book supplies a hypothesis, supported, the author holds, by ascertained facts, which is offered as an explanation, not only of the inheritance of acquired characteristics, but also of other biological phenomena. In short, it is a contribution to the attempt to understand the nature of living matter.

Land We Live In (The). By Overton W. Price. Small, Maynard & Co., Boston. $1.50.

"The Land We Live In" is described in its subtitle as "The Boy's Book of Conservation." But its author, Mr. Overton W. Price, late Assistant United States Forester, and now Vice-President of the National Conservation Commission, has done more than merely to put much information into such shape as would be easily understood and appreciated by boys. Grown-ups, too, should welcome a book which tells in simple, informative way about our natural resources, the reasons why we should conserve them, and the way to conserve them. For, as Mr. Gifford Pinchot says in a foreword, few of us have any real knowledge about the three million square miles which we call the United States. And yet a volume on Conservation should address itself primarily to boys and girls, because, as Mr. Pinchot justly asserts, our country belongs more truly to the boys and girls than it does to us older people. "They will live in it and enjoy it longer than we shall, and everything that happens in it, every bit of waste and every saving of waste, will affect their lives." Forests, lands, waters, minerals—these are our natural resources. How do other people use their natural resources? How does Germany, for example, use her forests? What lessons can we learn from Germany? Then, what interests a boy most in a forest? And what in a farm? In some places, says Mr. Price, boys are the best farmers. Incidentally, in a delightful chapter on the subject, he shows how boys can help to preserve wild life, to save game birds and animals. And this is the spirit of the whole book—*to save.* The author talks, now to the merchant's son and now to the farmer's son, when he wants to show what the waste of forests and soils and streams and mines and game means to each of us individually in our several callings. He tells us that we are, as a whole, like a big, husky football team, going off the field badly beaten and with more goals against us than we like to count; that this is because we have not thoroughly learned the science of football, and because we have not learned the way to fight to stop the waste going on all around us. Hence, after Mr. Price has shown boys and girls how to learn about the waste, he shows them how to apply their knowledge. His is an admirable book, both in matter and manner. We earnestly commend it to the reading of every one, old or young.

First Book of World Law (The). By Raymond L. Bridgman. Ginn & Co., New York. $1.65.

Students of international law have always wanted a compilation summarizing the conclusions of the various international conventions and a survey of the significance of their conclusions. These two values are now to be had in "The First Book of World Law," prepared by Raymond L. Bridgman, a successor to that author's "World Organization." The present volume is indispensable to the library of any well-informed man. Who is not interested in some one of the subjects covered by the Hague Conferences, or by those conferences which have established the Red Cross, the Postal Union, the modern rules of navigation, the supervision of wireless telegraphy, the repression of the slave trade—both white and black—and the International Institute of Agriculture? Those who have been interested in the work accomplished by the International Opium Commission will regret not to find its conclusions also included in Mr. Bridgman's valuable volume.

Spiritism and Psychology. By Theodore Flournoy. Translated by Hereward Carrington. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

There are a good many startling things in Theodore Flournoy's "Spiritism and Psychology," and not the least startling is the author's enthusiastic advocacy of the claims of Eusapia Paladino to supernormal powers. One would think that, after the miserable fiasco in which her recent visit to America culminated, a scientist of Professor Flournoy's standing would hesitate before indorsing her mediumistic feats; but the position he actually takes is that, in her American séances, as in those which, fifteen years ago,

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resulted so greatly to her discredit in England, she did not really get a fair chance to demonstrate her gifts. For himself—notwithstanding that, as an experimental psychologist, he must be well acquainted with the extreme liability of the human sense organs to deception and illusion—he is satisfied that there is really manifested through her a force capable of moving objects without contact, and otherwise contravening the known laws of nature. He does not, to be sure, interpret this force as the spiritists do, but his own explanation of it is even more bizarre than the theories of spiritism, and, if ingenious, scarcely plausible. Such rashness, such hastiness and carelessness, in a man of science is always to be regretted. In the present instance it is doubly to be regretted, because, apart from his discussion of Eusapia Paladino and other mediums of her type, Professor Flournoy makes a really substantial contribution to the literature of psychical research. His analysis of "spirit messages," his impressive demonstration of their source, when genuine, in the contents of the medium's own subconsciousness or the subconsciousness of her sitters, should be read by every one tempted, without psychological training, to dabble in the mysteries of spiritism. Had Professor Flournoy developed in his study of the happenings of the mediumistic "cabinet" the same vigorous psychological discrimination between facts and fancies, the verdict on his book could have been naught but the warmest approval. As it is, censure must outweigh praise.

Panama. By Albert Edwards. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.50.

Mr. Albert Edwards, whose accounts of Panama very recently appeared in The Outlook, has now made a book out of them and illustrated it with many interesting maps and photographs. As the readers of The Outlook may remember, Mr. Edwards begins with a description of present-day conditions in Panama, and then takes up the more romantic part—that is to say, the historical part. Finally we have a detailed account of the actual work on the Canal. The volume is doubtless the most authoritative and up-to-date of any yet published on the subject.

Germans (The). By I. A. R. Wylie. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

New Italy (The). By Frederico Garlanda. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. $1.50.

Recent events have called forth special interest in present-day Germany and Italy. Those who would be better informed about social conditions in the two countries may well consider these two newly published books. The first is a vivacious account of every-day life and happenings in Germany. After reading it one should better appreciate the German national spirit, because the average man at least will know more than he did before about German education, German music, the theater, home life, marriage, social customs and distinctions. The style is very spontaneous; perhaps it is natural for one who has lived in Germany to speak of München rather than Munich, but the latter form is preferable for a book written in English. An increase of knowledge should also follow any one's reading of Professor Garlanda's "La Terza Italia," translated under the title of "The New Italy." The book is made up of so-called "Lettere di un Yankee." The supposed letters from a Yankee residing in Rome are professedly written to friends in America, and describe present-day Italy. When they were first published, the author withheld his name and appeared merely as the translator into Italian of letters supposedly originally written in English. By this means a responsive audience was called out in Italy, where the opinions of Americans are much respected on such subjects as education, the relations between Church and State, the organization and control of political and social organizations—above all, family life. Although the Italian Government comes in for some sharp criticism, the contrasts drawn in Professor Garlanda's book, as also in "The Germans," between social conditions as they exist in Europe and in America do not always minister to our self-complacency.

Modern Thought and Traditional Faith. By Dr. George Preston Mains. Eaton & Mains, New York. $1.50.

Dr. Mains has written a very frank book. It is frankly a maintenance of the Christian faith. It is an equally frank abandonment of many of the traditional positions of the Christian Church. The changes of thought—not merely theological thought, but world habits of thought—which have taken place in the last hundred years have made a defense of certain traditional positions no longer possible except to those who resolutely shut their eyes to what is going on in the intellectual world. Copernicus has made it impossible for us any longer to believe with the ancient Hebrews that the planet is the center of the universe, and that the sun and moon and stars were created to give it light. Geology has made it impossible to believe that the world was made in six days, or even in six clearly defined and measurable epochs. Geology and anthropology have combined to push the time of man's advent upon the earth back to a period indefinitely anterior to any allowed for by Biblical chronology. Evolution has made at least difficult any belief in a historical fall, and impossible the acceptance of such a fall as an explanation of the phenomena of sin in the world. The study of comparative religion has made impossible the theory that pagan religions are an invention of priestly impostors. The literary study of the Bible and of contemporary literatures has made it clear that Hebrew law and Hebrew history,

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like the law of other nations, were a gradual literary development, not an instantaneous literary creation. The histories were clearly compilations from pre-existing materials; and the laws, both political and ecclesiastical, were gradually developed with the development of the growing nation. And the recognition of these unmistakable facts makes impossible the old theories of verbal or even plenary inspiration, and requires us to substitute a progressive revelation *in* man for a sudden and miraculous revelation *to* man; light coming as with the dawning of the sun, not as in a flash of electricity. These facts Dr. Mains perfectly frankly recognizes, while he maintains that this is entirely consistent, not only with a Christian faith, but with a larger, deeper, and more spiritual faith than that which it supersedes. We wish that he had omitted the first two chapters, on "The Middle Ages" and "The Renaissance," and taken the space to work out a little more fully the spiritual points of the new understanding—*e. g.*, the substitution of an immanent God for an absentee God, of a redemption that is the gradual development of character for a redemption that is merely a pardon for past transgression, a Bible which is a book of religious experience for a Bible which is merely a text-book about religion, a Christ who is a manifestation of God in humanity for a Christ who is a God-man, and therefore neither a manifestation of what God is nor of what man can hope to become. But if his book does not do all that we wish it did, it is a thoroughly sincere, intelligent, and helpful contribution to a rational faith, and perhaps accomplishes the more because it does not attempt too much.

Greek Commonwealth (The). By Alfred Zimmern. Oxford University Press, New York. $2.90.

Hellenistic Athens. By William Scott Ferguson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $4.

The modern world's perennial interest in Athens, "the eye of Greece, mother of arts and eloquence," appears in two recent volumes, one by an American, the other by a Briton, which bring both to the scholar and the general reader the fruit of the latest historical studies. "The Greek Commonwealth," by Dr. Zimmern, of Oxford and London, in its account of politics and economics in fifth-century Athens exhibits the rise and social development of that famous type of the Greek city-state till the beginning of its decline in the Peloponnesian War. As the reader traces the evolution of the Greek from a nomad tribesman to a villager, from villager to citizen, and then of citizens into that imperial democracy, the constant citation of modern parallels and contrasts helps to clear away traditional misconceptions. The political and economic institutions of the Greek are seen growing from very different roots from those of modern civilization. In its economic theories the Greek world "was moving in exactly the opposite direction from our own, not from anarchy to regulation, but from social control to individual freedom." The charm of this volume is that it presents its subject at close range. The reader is made at home in Athens, a looker-on while Demos is on his job of popular government. Among his problems still of living interest were those of sea power, immigrants, and women. For woman's cause "it is Euripides rather than Plato who is at once the truest poet and most faithful thinker." As to religion as a political force in times of social discord, Mr. Zimmern finely parallels with the gospel of Amos, Isaiah, and St. Francis "the gospel of Delphi, . . . long the greatest spiritual force" in Greece, teaching in the name of the god Apollo the religion of the saving spirit of self-knowledge and self-control. In this volume the newer method of social inquiry and the new evidence accumulated by archæology since George Grote wrote, sixty years ago, have introduced us to a somewhat different Greece than his.

The second volume of the two "aims to fill a conspicuous gap in historical literature." Professor Ferguson, of Harvard, writing of "Hellenistic Athens," traces the decline and transformation of the city-state, and also, though in a more general way, the larger Hellenistic movements by which it was variously affected. The period he reviews extends from the time of Alexander the Great to the sack of Athens by Sulla, 86 B.C. Granting with him that the central theme of Hellenism is "the gradual transformation of a lot of little city-states into municipalities of large territorial empires," the consequence of this primary fact is of greater interest for us—the Hellenizing of those empires by Greek thought and culture. After Athens shrank to the political dimensions of a Macedonian municipality her cultural dominance grew till at the opening of the second century B.C. she had become "the cynosure of the world." More than a century earlier a great wave of social and religious change had set in from the East, importing new gods, new customs and rules, whose introduction was fiercely combated during the third century in the narrower city politics of Athens. Here dates the rise of the still rising figure of the scholar in politics—the Stoic philosopher. Professor Ferguson lucidly exhibits the complicated play of external and internal forces to their results in the internationalizing and then to the Hellenizing of Athens. A worse thing than the suppression of her repeated struggles for political autonomy was the effect of economic and cultural forces in the gradual contamination of social and religious life, through which the decadent city lost the esteem of the contemporary world. The volume has the signal merit of imparting to the history it rewrites a fresh interest and a better appreciation.

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BY THE WAY

"You surely don't intend to stay out there all winter!" This exclamation, uttered by a city woman to her friend enamored of country life, is used by "House and Garden" as a text for a little sermon on the real opportunities for enjoyment and uplift that the country woman possesses. It concludes that the balance of satisfaction is on the side of the woman who can get near to Nature's heart both summer and winter. To us it seems largely a matter of individual predilection. If Boston is, as it has been called, a state of mind, Arcadia is a temperament; and richness of life in either city or country springs largely from inward sources.

New York City's streets are mostly laid out on the rectangular plan, but a few of them preserve the configuration of the original lanes—notably Maiden Lane, now the center of the jewelry trade, but at first merely a path following a winding stream. A tablet was recently unveiled in Maiden Lane which sets forth these facts and is adorned with figures of a Dutch youth and maiden strolling beside the "merry little stream" of New Amsterdam times.

The Kohinoor, one of the world's most famous gems, which for hundreds of years was worn by successive potentates of India, and which since 1849 has been in the possession of the British, will, it is announced, be worn by Queen Mary of England at the Delhi Durbar.

In the two decades covered by the administration of President Thwing, of Western Reserve University, the students of that institution have increased in number from 246 to 1,279, the instructors from 37 to 194, and the buildings from 4 to 19, while the endowment has grown to nearly two and a half million dollars.

At the Huth sale in England a Mazarin Bible brought $29,000. Memoranda that are supposed to be in the handwriting of Gutenberg make this a unique copy. This Bible is called the Mazarin Bible, it will be remembered, because, though it was the first book printed from movable types, no copies were known to bibliographers until one was discovered in the library of the famous Cardinal Mazarin, at Paris, in 1760, more than three hundred years after it was printed. Since then about twenty additional copies have been found.

The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Wendell Phillips was celebrated last week. One of the most eloquent speakers of an age of orators, Wendell Phillips, it is generally agreed, in his long life never surpassed what was almost his first speech—that delivered in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, in 1837, on the death of Elijah P. Lovejoy.

The Grand Cañon of Arizona, with its magnificent rock masses and its superb color effects, is a standing challenge to the artist, and many painters have accepted the challenge with more or less success. At a recent exhibition in New York City the work of no fewer than ten American painters of the Cañon was on exhibition. It was the judgment of many of the visitors that the work of the pioneer in this field, Thomas Moran, still stands at the head.

There is some work left for the explorer to do, even though the sources of the Nile have been discovered and the North Pole's secret is out. A writer in the "National Geographic Magazine" says of western China: "It is my firm conviction that when this *terra incognita* is properly surveyed, peaks will be found there rivaling even Mount Everest itself."

The Eastman Kodak Company has issued a bulletin to the photographic trade which will be read with interest by business men generally, and especially by people who make snap-shots, which means almost everybody. It says that "the Supreme Court . . . has recently decided that a manufacturer cannot enforce a contract by which he attempts to control the retail selling price of his goods made by secret processes but not patented. . . . We shall from this date remove all restrictions which have heretofore prevailed in connection with non patented goods." It intimates that price-restrictions on patented goods may also soon be removed.

Two of the "first citizens," of New York City, John Bigelow and Andrew Carnegie, celebrated their birthdays on November 26—Mr. Bigelow his ninety-fourth and Mr. Carnegie his seventy-sixth. Mr. Bigelow reads without glasses, and works daily on his "Retrospections of an Active Life." Mr. Carnegie's newspaper interviews indicate a sprightliness of mind that, if possible, is increasing.

The versatile H. G. Wells has a new gospel—one for children this time. Under the head "Citizens of Toyland" in "Everybody's Magazine" he tells of games with toys not usually found in toy-shops. He prefaces his article with the remark, "The jolliest indoor games for boys and girls demand a floor, and the home that has no floor upon which games may be played falls so far short of happiness."

The military doctors are disagreeing about that supposedly perfect mechanism of war, the German army. The expert of the London "Times" says it is "living on a glorious past," and that its routine crushes out "individuality and initiative." An American general, on the other hand, calls the German army "a magnificent military machine." But then outsiders can seldom form an accurate judgment of a system many of whose conditions are known only to its organizers—and sometimes not even to them. Napoleon III thought he had a magnificent army in 1870, but Sedan and Metz dispelled the illusion.

An indication of the magnitude of building operations in the United States is seen in the statement that in 1910 the production of Portland cement amounted to over 76,000,000 barrels. The increase in the output for 1910 over that for 1909 amounted to more than the entire production in 1900.

The New York City Horse Show, which for twenty-five years has been held in Madison Square Garden, last month made its final appearance in that building, which is soon to be torn down. Up to the last the Horse Show was probably the most brilliant event, socially, of the year for the fashionable set in the metropolis.

The "Sanitary Record," of London, speaking of the declining birth rate in England, says that the attitude of landlords has something to do with the decrease of large families: "In a rural district we have come across a family living in a broken-down cottage with only about two habitable rooms. There are ten in the house, and the father has tried to get another and larger house, but owners persistently refuse. . . . Landlords will put up with one or two children, but they will not tolerate the presence of more."

Switzerland is said now to have more visitors from the United States than from any other nation except its next door neighbor, Germany. The city of Lucerne alone entertained more than 26,000 Americans in 1910.

Mr. Harold H. Hilton, the golf champion, writing in "Golf" of his American visit, says: "I have never come across more sporting opponents than those I had the pleasure of meeting in America." He thinks, however, that "the demonstrative methods of the American spectators would seriously distress many of the players on our side." Golf, he says, is a game which can best be played in comparative silence.

The cost of fuel for the railway locomotives of the United States is estimated at nearly $200,000,000 a year, of which sum $120,000,000 goes absolutely to waste, only $80,000,000 producing effective traction results. Here is an opportunity for scientific management to reduce expenses and increase dividends and wages—an opportunity which on some railways has been seized.

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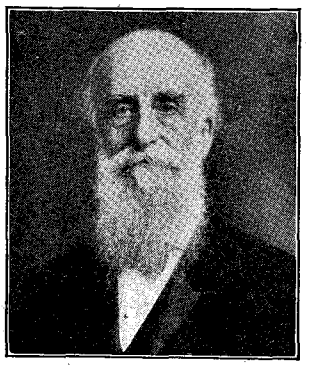
The Outlook

In the Presidential Year



LYMAN ABBOTT

WILL President Taft be nominated for a second term?

Has La Follette a good fighting chance for the Republican nomination?

Can Woodrow Wilson, with his Progressive platform, get the Democratic nomination?

Or—will it be Judson Harmon and the Conservative wing of the party?

Is 1912 to be a Democratic year?

What will the platforms be?

What are the issues at stake?

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT

The President, the prom-

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inent candidates, the National leaders are speaking for themselves—for the things they stand for—through The Outlook.

The Editor-in-Chief of The Outlook, Lyman Abbott, will present the vital issues of the campaign as they develop and discuss them in the spirit of broad statesmanship which has marked his work in many campaigns.

Theodore Roosevelt, ex-President of the United States, is a world authority on problems of National government.

From his position on The Outlook's editorial staff, Mr. Roosevelt will continue to present—exclusively through The Outlook—his views on political as well as all other public questions.

President Taft's Own View

of what his Administration has accomplished, and his judgment of the measures still remaining on what he calls his "calendar of unfinished business," will be found fully set forth in The Outlook of December 2, 1911, where it was presented by special authority of the President.

Bryan's View

Three times Democratic candidate for the Presidency, William Jennings Bryan speaks with the authority that comes from having voiced the opinions of millions of his countrymen. Mr. Bryan's views on the political situation and the coming campaign are to be fully set forth in one of the early issues of The Outlook.

La Follette's View

Picturesque and daring, the most striking figure in the Republican Progressive movement, and its foremost Presidential candidate, the Senator from Wisconsin is an extraordinary factor in National politics. As Governor of Wisconsin he made a great record. He has been a power in the Senate. He is going to tell fully and explicitly where he stands, in an early issue of The Outlook. His own statement—presented through The Outlook—will have wide interest.

Harmon's View

Conservative leader in the Democratic party, candidate for the Presidential nomination, twice elected Governor of Ohio, the man who handled the first case under the Sherman Law, Judson Harmon's opinions have great National interest. He will soon state them fully, through the pages of The Outlook. This statement will follow logically The Outlook's articles in which Governor Woodrow Wilson and Oscar W. Underwood have set forth their views.

Bristow's View

Force and earnestness have characterized Mr. Bristow in all his public career. As Senator from Kansas he has been a power in debate and a real influence in constructive legislation. Senator Bristow will state through The Outlook what he believes to be the trend of political thought throughout the States of the Middle West.

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THE OUTLOOK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

Henry Cabot Lodge

is writing for The Outlook the first history of the Hundred Years of Peace following the War of 1812. It concerns the various difficulties which have arisen between Great Britain and the United States in the century of peace since the Treaty of Ghent. This will be a rapid review in two or three articles of the essential facts which have enabled two countries with a border line of three thousand miles to live in peace for a full hundred years.

Governor Johnson

is going to talk to Outlook readers about California's fight for justice and decency. The Governor and his colleagues are doing some big things in California which other States ought to know about. Congressman William Kent, of California, in "A Talk with Governor Johnson," will tell the readers of The Outlook what these things are and how they are being accomplished. For example: how a great business monopoly has been thrown out of politics; how the recall has helped to place the people in power; how Woman Suffrage has gained a place in the State government, how decency and progress have been placed above mere consideration of party. Through Mr. Kent, Governor Johnson will present many of his views on the Nation's progress toward justice and democracy.

Gifford Pinchot

leader in America's Conservation movement, has recently returned from Alaska, where he has studied at first hand certain questions which deeply concern the American public. Mr. Pinchot will shortly contribute to The Outlook one or more articles on a subject—to be announced later—that is certain to be of unusual interest and significance.

Winston Churchill

is writing for The Outlook the true story of "A State and a Railway." In "Mr. Crewe's Career" he gives a vivid picture of the struggle of a State to overcome a corrupt political machine, backed by big interests. This is the story of the fighting Progressives of New Hampshire, their success in freeing the State and giving the rule to the people. He will describe the present political conditions as he sees them in his own State, pointing out the good which is being accomplished.

William Allen White

author of "What's the Matter With Kansas?" is going to tell in The Outlook the inspiring story of how the people of Kansas, without any fuss and without much noise, built up in five years a government of the people; how they freed the State from railway despotism; how they wiped out the "slush fund" and saved the State's money; how they put the bad politicians out of office; how they cleaned up the penitentiaries, and did many other good and constructive things. All this is a striking example of the people governing the people. Mr. White has been in the thick of the fight, and no one could be better fitted to write this story.

The Truth About Alaska

The record of The Outlook's investigations in Alaska begins in the issue of December 23, 1911. W. D. Hulbert, acting for The Outlook, has for several months been making a study of Alaskan conditions on the ground. He has had exceptional opportunities for observation and has had access to the most authoritative sources of information. If you want to know what Alaska is, what it needs, what is really going on there, you want to read this first-hand story. If you want to know the facts about the Guggenheims, the "Syndicate," the Cunningham Claims, Controller Bay, the Cordova "Coal Party," the fisheries, the fur seal problem, the National forests, read these articles and the editorials that will accompany them.

Home-Making

Vitally interesting to every American woman will be The Outlook's series of articles on Home-Making, beginning with the article "What Is a Home For?" We hear it said that the housewife's work is drudgery and that the way to liberate women is to give them a chance to escape from drudgery. These articles will show from various points of view that there is no more drudgery in the work of the housewife than in that of the lawyer, the physician, or the politician; that woman's work in the home needs scientific training just as does man's work in the office or factory.

Training the Child

The Outlook will devote a great deal of attention during the coming year to the progress and welfare of the child—the most important subject in the world. H. Addington Bruce is preparing a series for The Outlook dedicated to the proposition that the proper environment and the right home influence for our children are more important than heredity or any given method of schooling. Beginning with the wonderful story of Karl Witte, he will continue with the first principles of Child Training based on his own first-hand study of such cases as that of the Sidis boy, the Wiener children, and many other striking examples. He will show how parents by simple, practical methods can work marvels in the development of their children. Following this series will come a group of articles by Elizabeth McCracken, entitled "The Children of America."

Adventures in Court

"Better lose money than go to law" is a common saying founded in wisdom. What the average citizen suffers in trying to settle a dispute, defend himself from attack, obtain compensation for injury, or even comply with the demands of the law—all this makes a story sad and laughable. Frederick Trevor Hill, who is both lawyer and writer, is preparing for The Outlook a serial based on his own rich experience and observation, which will be dramatic and humorous, and will open the eyes of the ordinary citizen to the delays, complexities, absurdities, and injustices of our courts as they are to-day.

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THE OUTLOOK IN THE PRESIDENTIAL YEAR

What's the Matter With Business?

That something is the matter everybody knows.

What it is, the public has not yet been told definitely.

High authorities in the financial and industrial world are giving their opinions on this puzzling question to the readers of The Outlook.

Francis E. Leupp, who has had a notable career in journalism and in the Government's service, is securing for The Outlook the constructive views of these men as to what may be done to make business more stable, more productive, and more just for all concerned.

Is J. Pierpont Morgan justified in his belief that the country is all right, and that the present condition of business is due to mental rather than material causes?

Is James J. Hill right in proposing to get rid of trust evils by requiring all corporations to reduce their capital to the actual amount of money, or its equivalent, put into the corporation?

Frank A. Vanderlip, president of the biggest banking institution in the United States, makes the first statement in The Outlook of December 9, 1911.

John G. Shedd, head of Marshall Field and Company, will, in the second article of the series, answer the question from the view-point of a great merchandising concern.

President Mellen, of the New Haven System, Frank Trumbull, Chairman of Board of Directors, Chesapeake and Ohio Railway, and other prominent figures in transportation will give the view-point of the railway man.

John Mitchell will tell how organized labor looks at the question.

Lyman J. Gage, Leslie M. Shaw, and George B. Cortelyou, former Secretaries of the Treasury, will tell how it appears to those who have controlled the Nation's finances.

J. Laurence Laughlin, the eminent economist, will show how the question strikes one who is at once a philosopher and a practical man of affairs.

These and others will contribute to a feature which alone would make The Outlook for the coming months a journal of the greatest interest and usefulness to every man in business.

The Outlook

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